



No. 84.—Vol. VII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post. 6^d.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS WINIFRED WOOD IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The Queen, who had postponed her departure, left Osborne to-day for Balmoral, where she remains till the middle of November.—Lord Rosebery also left for Scotland.—

The Earl of Albemarle died to-day. He succeeded his father, who died in his ninety-second year, only three years ago. Best known as Viscount Bury, he is succeeded by his eldest son, whose elevation to the Upper House will create a vacancy in the representation of Birkenhead.—Some excitement was created in Leicester by Sir H. James's letter in this morning's *Times*, raising the question as to the legality of having a double election with two separate writs. The Mayor and Town Clerk decided, after consultation, that the election must proceed, as the only practicable course in the circumstances had been taken.—The "Japs" are said to be marching on Peking. A Japanese gunboat which left Newcastle before the outbreak of the war has been detained at Aden by the British authorities on the ground that her captain and crew are British subjects.—Some French troops have been cut to pieces at Timbuctoo.—The Legislative Assembly of Victoria carried without a division a vote of no confidence in the Ministry.—The new Parliament in New South Wales was opened by Sir Robert Duff.—The shearers on strike in Queensland are said to have fired several wool-sheds in the pastoral districts of the colony.

Wednesday. The polling at Leicester took place, and resulted in the return of the two Liberal candidates, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Hazell. The Labourist, Mr. Burgess, was last. The Gladstonian majority shows a falling off of 3778 votes on the 1886 election.—The Queen arrived at Balmoral this afternoon. Some delay was caused at Perth by the news that Sir John Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household, had been found dead in bed this morning. He had seen her Majesty off at Trinity Pier last night. Sir John was born in 1832; he served with the Engineers in the Crimea, acted as Governor to the Duke of Coburg from 1856 to 1865, and in the following year became Master of the Queen's Household.—Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer, was summoned at Bow Street by his wife (*née* Kate Eversleigh, an actress), who claims that he should maintain her. The parties quarrelled in June, and the defendant left his wife next day, saying he would give her £4 a week. He had sent only £9 since. The case was adjourned to allow a deed of separation to be drawn up.—The Anarchist Franch, under sentence of death for throwing the bomb into the Liceo Theatre, Barcelona, has repented.—The French President declined to alter the sentence of death passed on the Abbé Bruneau, who will be executed at Laval to-morrow morning.—Madame Ismert, who was arrested by the German authorities as a spy, is confined in the Departmental Prison at Metz.—Agnes Wabnitz, the Louise Michel of the Berlin Social Democrats, who was to have begun a term of ten months' imprisonment to-day, poisoned herself.—The annual International Peace Congress was opened at Antwerp.—Orders received at Cyprus for the transference of the garrison to Malta have struck terror into the Christian population. The measure is due solely to military exigencies.—Severe fighting took place between the Boers and the insurgent Kaffirs, who were beaten.—The Dutch have sustained a heavy defeat in the island of Lombok, in the East Indies. Three columns operating against the Rajah of the island were cut off, 67 men being killed, 165 wounded, and 154 missing.—According to the latest telegrams (*via* China) the Japanese have lost 4000 in the last engagement.

Thursday. The Scotch miners decided to return to work whenever the employers agreed to restore sixpence per day of the reduction, the wages being fixed at this rate for two years. This was the recommendation of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain; but the large coal and iron masters say they won't give in to such an arrangement.—A carnival in the Continental style was celebrated at Ventnor.—Mr. Keir Hardie, speaking at St. Pancras, advised his hearers not to trust the Liberal party, who had been found out.—The Pope sent his benediction to the Comte de Paris.—A woman wearing the garb of a Sister of Mercy was committed for trial at the South-Western Police Court on the charge of getting money for a "home" which is said to be *non est*.—The Abbé Bruneau, who murdered the Abbé Fricot, was guillotined this morning. A lampoon of his death was sold in the streets after the execution.—Franch has made a statement to the effect that he owes his conversion to the works of a learned priest, and he points out that a good many in a similar position to himself owe their misfortune to political clubs.—The Chinese soldiers who murdered Mr. Wylie, the Presbyterian missionary, and the officers who allowed them to do so have been condemned to death.—A steam-cutter, belonging to H.M.S. *Alecto*, has been fired at while reconnoitring near Bonny, on the West Coast of Africa. One seaman was killed and three others dangerously wounded.—The news of the defeat of the Dutch in the East Indies has caused great sorrow throughout Holland. A captain and thirty-four men who had been missing have turned up at the Dutch head-quarters.

Friday. The town was startled to-day to hear that Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy had married Miss Cissy Loftus before the Sheriff in Edinburgh on Wednesday.—The Duchess of York returned to England from St. Moritz.—The Comte de Paris is slowly sinking.—The moulders on strike since March on the Tyne and the Tees agreed to return to work, an arbitration board being appointed to deal with the wages question.—Mr. E. Harford, General

Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, was selected by the Radical executive to contest Northampton at the next General Election in the room of Sir M. Manfield, M.P., who retires.—The Cunarder *Campania* has again beaten the record. She arrived at Queenstown to-day, having made the passage in 5 days 10 hours 47 minutes, though she lost nearly three hours by fogs.—The British cruiser *Curaçoa* and the German war-sloop *Bussard* have bombarded Luatoanuu, the stronghold of the Samoan rebels, who have made a complete surrender.

Saturday. The new "private" postcard came into use to-day.—Partridge shooting was not very successful.—The Scotch miners on strike showed signs of rioting at Wishaw and Coatbridge.—The *Campania's* sister, the *Lucania*, has made the record passage westward across the Atlantic in 5 days 8 hours 38 minutes.—A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned to-day at the inquest on the body of Mr. John Mitchell, who was Dr. Murray's chief assistant on the English Dictionary, and who was killed on Snowdon in attempting to ascend the notoriously perilous peak of Lliwydd.—The Positivists Society made a pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey in memory of the anniversary of Comte's death.—The Princess of Wales and her daughters arrived at Copenhagen.

Sunday. Canon Scott-Holland resumed residence in St. Paul's Cathedral, preaching to an immense congregation on holidays.—A Cambridge undergraduate was drowned while bathing at Dover.—An International Hygienic Congress was opened at Budapest by the Archduke Charles Louis, representing the Emperor Francis Joseph, who arrived at Landskron, in Bohemia, to witness the three days' manœuvres of the Austrian Army.—Mass was said at the Madeleine for the recovery of the Comte de Paris.—The Pope received sixty Canadian and other pilgrims, who gave him a large sum of money as Peter's Pence.

Monday. The Twenty-Seventh Annual Trade Union Congress was opened at Norwich. About 119 resolutions will be dealt with in the five days' sitting.—Sir John Cowell was buried quietly at Thornton Watlass, near Bedale.—This is the fortieth anniversary of the embarkation of the allied British and French troops at Varna for the Crimea. By-the-way, the Indian trooping season has begun.—The third annual procession of the Catholic Guild of Ransom took place in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill, about 3000 people taking part in it.—The Emperor William unveiled a statue of his grandfather at Königsberg.—A forced loan has been decreed in China.

TO OUR READERS.

The Recorder of Liverpool has given a much-needed rebuke to the officious moralists who brought a charge of deliberate indecency against *Pick-Me-Up*. That journal was seized by the Liverpool police, at the instigation, no doubt, of some busybody who thought he had lighted on a foul conspiracy against the public morals. It was held by the Liverpool magistrates that an offence had been committed, either by accident or design—accident meaning the construction which a prurient mind chose to put upon the juxtaposition of certain pictures. By holding up a particular page to the light it was possible for a virtuous vision, bent on discovering evil, to project its own nastiness and attribute that to a wicked editor. On this travesty of justice the Recorder of Liverpool has set his veto. He declined even to order the incriminated copies of the paper to be destroyed, and quashed the magisterial decision against our contemporary. We rejoice over this triumph of common-sense, because the craving for dirt which afflicts certain purity-mongers has become a public nuisance. Their imaginations are so infected that they can see very little in art or nature which is free from the unclean thing. The bailies of Glasgow, who made an outcry against Sir Frederick Leighton's "Psyche," were sufficiently crass; but when it comes to putting pictures together and trying to evolve some disgusting combination, and when this is done in the interests of morality, it is high time for a vigorous protest against a peculiarly nauseous form of cant. So far as *The Sketch* is concerned, we have been happily free from the Paul Prys who parade a diseased fancy in the police courts. Since this journal was started only one objection has been made to it on what by a stretch of courtesy may be called moral grounds, and that was a case very similar to the complaint against Mr. Rudyard Kipling's powerful story of "Badalia Herodsfoot." Some people think it is always wrong to show vice its own image: that is not our opinion, and we shall not be deterred from presenting phases of life which ought to appeal to the common instincts of humanity by the superfine delicacy which never gives a thought to the misery of the nethermost deep of our social system. We are glad to possess the most substantial assurances that the general illustrations of life and character in *The Sketch* command the approval of our readers. For the moralists who live in an atmosphere of morbid affectation, and who exhaust a perverted ingenuity with devices for detecting corruption, we take leave to express our hearty contempt.

THE NEW WOMAN AND HER NEW CLOTHES.

The Editor will be glad if any lady interested in the dress reform movement will send, for the purpose of reproduction in *The Sketch*, a photograph of herself in whatever costume she thinks most suitable for superseding the traditional skirts of her sex.

"LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (WINIFRED WOOD).



MISS FLORENCE LEVEY (POLL STANMORE).



MR. DANBY (BLUESKIN) AND MISS FLORENCE LEVEY.



MISS AMY AUGARDE (THAMES DARRELL).

EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS: THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME and LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.50.

OLYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

BLOSSY KIRALFY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA.
2000 PERFORMERS. LOVELY BALLETS. CHARMING MUSIC.
TROOPS OF CAMELS, MULES, DROMEDARIES, HORSES, &c.
MOST MARVELLOUS SHOW EVER ORGANISED IN ANY COUNTRY OR AGE.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAU. THE MOORISH HAREM.
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUN.). ROUMELIAN GIPSY BAND.
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.
REALISTIC PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Open 12 to 5 and 6 to 11 p.m.—Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.—Admission Everywhere (including Reserved Seats), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (hold Six), £3.3s. Seats from 3s. may be booked at Box-office or Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinees to seats above 1s.
Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

EASTBOURNE REGATTA.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7.
Special Cheap Trains from Victoria 8.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge at 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; from Shoreditch 7.55 a.m., calling at Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Deptford Road; also from Brockley 7.55 a.m., calling at Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, and Anerley. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. Fare there and back, 4s.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.—A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth Harbour, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares: Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d.; Second Class, 7s. 6d.

PORTSMOUTH, RYDE, AND ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

MONDAY, SEPT. 10.
Special Cheap Excursion from London Bridge at 7 a.m., calling at New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, Norwood Junction, East Croydon, and South Croydon; from Victoria 7.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, West Croydon, Waddon, Wallington, and Sutton. Returning same day, as per handbills. Fares: Portsmouth Town and Southsea, 4s.; Ryde, 6s. 6d., and including Steamboat Trip round the Isle of Wight, 6s.

FOR full particulars see Special Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

MIDLAND AND GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS.

EXTENSION OF DINING ARRANGEMENTS
in the
SCOTCH EXPRESSES.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES
(for the service of LUNCHEONS, TEAS, DINNERS, and other Refreshments)
are now running on
BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSES
between
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) AND GLASGOW (ST. ENOCH)
at the following times—

DOWN.			UP.		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	10.30	2.10	GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... dep.	10. 0	1.30
Nottingham	11.37	4.37	Liverpool	arr.	3.50
Leicester	12.30	2.50	Manchester	"	3.50
Sheffield	1.18	5.32	Bradford	"	3.35
Leeds	1.55	6.28	Leeds	"	3.40
Bradford	2. 0	6. 3	Sheffield	"	4.30
Manchester	1.50	5.45	Nottingham	"	4.50
Liverpool	1.40	5.45	Leicester	"	6. 0
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... arr.	7.35	11.25	LONDON (St. Pancras) ...	"	7.20
	p.m.	p.m.		p.m.	p.m.

Connecting Trains are run from and to Derby, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bristol, &c.

MORNING EXPRESSES.—TABLE D'HÔTE at 12.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.

AFTERNOON EXPRESSES.—LUNCHEON immediately after departure. TABLE D'HÔTE at 7.20 p.m. on the Down and 6.30 p.m. on the Up Journey.

See Special Bills issued by the Companies.

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HANDY POCKET GUIDE TO THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. Price 3d. POCKET TOURIST GUIDE TO THE HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. Illustrated. Price 3d. LIST OF FURNISHED LODGINGS IN FARMHOUSES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS served by the Midland Railway System. Price 1d. These Guides, as well as Time-Tables, Tourist Programmes, American and Continental Folders, and other publications, may be had on application at the Midland Stations and Agencies, or to the Superintendent, Midland Railway, Derby.
Derby, September, 1894. By Order.

SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE.

OPEN SEA PASSAGE 80 MINUTES. PORT TO PORT 2 HOURS.

Two Sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted).

BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

EXCURSIONS to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glenariff, Whitehead (for new Promenade round the Cliffs at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.

NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY HOTEL, PORTRUSH.

Beautifully situated; Magnificent Sea and Coast Views; Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths; Golf Links; Musical Promenades.

Terms on application to G. O'B. HAMILTON, Hotel Manager, Portrush.

For full information apply to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

Studio for Ladies Inglethorpe, West Kensington.

Three Minutes' Walk from West Kensington Station.

PRINCIPAL: MRS. EDWARD WALKER.

INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING AND PAINTING BY MR. HERBERT J. DRAPER.
Hours from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday (afternoon excepted).

THE CLASS WILL RE-OPEN ON OCTOBER 1. For further particulars apply to the Principal.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

The best gravedigger known to the present generation of playgoers has just passed away in the person of Mr. George Barrett.

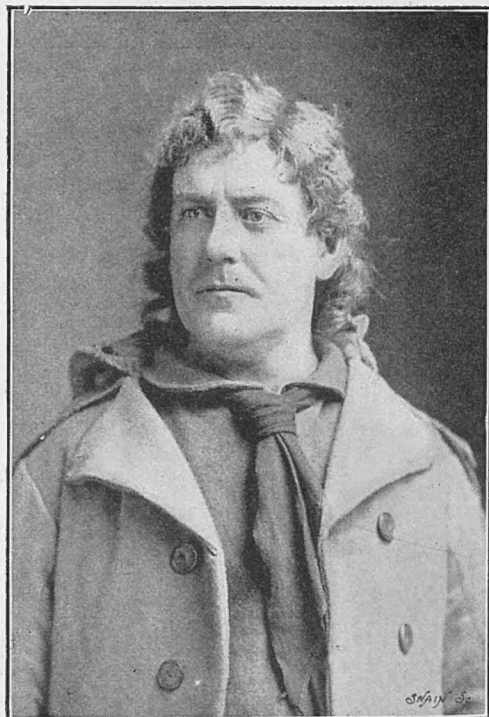


Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

He was the younger brother of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and, like him, began his career in Aberdeen. He was born in 1849. His *forte* was low comedy, and no one who ever saw him as Jarvis in Mr. G. R. Sims' "The Lights of London," or as Brisket in "Pink Dominoes," will deny his possession of a delightfully original humour. His most popular impersonation—and also the most artistic—was Jaikes in "The Silver King." He played the title-part in Mr. Mortimer's "Alderman," and was Boss Knivett in "The Romany Rye." The last original part which he played in London was Bob Tranter in "Fate and Fortune," three years ago; the last play in which he appeared was "Reported Missing."

Mr. Barrett had been in ill-health for some time, and his death, which occurred on Aug. 26 in London, was a happy release from the painful malady from which he had suffered.

THE TRAIN BORE.

In these days, when there is a mania for setting the wrongs of the world right by means of Acts of Parliament, I wonder why there has been no legislation against the train bore. Now and again I meet him (writes a correspondent), and suffer accordingly, but last Friday afternoon he came upon me in such an aggravated form that I resolved to make his misdeeds public. The facts are as follow: I was leaving town for the week end, as is my usual custom when I am a good month off quarter-day, and I went into a railway carriage armed with a halfpenny evening paper, "Esther Waters," a volume of Swinburne, and a naughty French novel. With no other travelling companion than an inoffensive-looking old man, I felt sure of a quiet journey, and arranged my books so as to study the naughty French novel first, and "Esther Waters," Swinburne, and the *Star* in the order named. Just as we were about to start, in came a friend of my travelling companion, two ladies with books, and a sportsman with a portmanteau. Within five minutes after we left London I found that my first companion and his friend were dangerous specimens of the genus bore. Utterly oblivious of the fact that three people in the carriage were endeavouring to read, these two unworthies discussed their family history at the top of their raucous voices. To them I am indebted for the knowledge that Anne is at Margate and Richard has been all round the south coast, but must return to the office next week. Moreover, the old woman pays half-a-crown per pound for her tea because she loves a good cup, and if she remains poorly she shall winter at Cannes and — the expense. In addition to all this, the cook has given warning and the parlour-maid is about to get married. And so on *ad lib.*, until I felt inclined to qualify the pair for a coroner's inquest. In the name and on behalf of all who love to be quiet and are not interested in the domestic welfare of utter strangers, let me call upon train bores to cease from troubling.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION BEGINS on Oct. 1 with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS, at 4 p.m., by Dr. SCANES-SPICER. The ANNUAL DINNER will be held in the Evening, Dr. DANFORD THOMAS in the Chair.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £105

*Five of £52 10s.

will be awarded by examination on Sept. 26 and 27.

[* Two of which are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge.]

Numerous CLASS PRIZES and SCHOLARSHIPS are given annually by competition. There are also Sixteen Resident Appointments in the Hospital open to Students without expense. The School provides complete preparation for the Higher Examinations and the Degrees of the Universities.

The Residential College is at present at 33 and 35, Westbourne Terrace, W. Terms may be had on application to the Warden.

CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING.

On June 1 the President of the Hospital, H.R.H. the Duke of York, took the chair at a Festival Dinner in aid of the funds. This new Wing, which is now about to be commenced, will contain (1) A new Out-Patients' Department; (2) Wards for Lying-in Women as In-Patients; (3) A Residential College for Medical Officers and Students, who will then be close to their work and directly under the influence of the Medical School; (4) Additional Special Wards; (5) A Nurses' Home.

This will add 100 beds to the Hospital, making 381 in all, at an estimated cost of £100,000.

For prospectus apply to Mr. F. H. MADDEN, the School Secretary.

G. P. FIELD, Dean.

A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub-Dean.

MISS CISSY LOFTUS'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage, last Wednesday, before the Sheriff in Edinburgh, of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy to Miss Cissy Loftus has given theatrical society a new topic of conversation, for which it cannot be too grateful at this dull season. The bridegroom's career has been less meteoric but



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS CISSY LOFTUS AS HAIDEE IN "DON JUAN."

more brilliant than that of his youthful bride. Mr. McCarthy is the son of the Nationalist leader, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., still more widely known beyond political spheres as a *littérateur* and novelist of eminence. He was born thirty-four years ago, and was educated at University College School. Although politics have less attraction for him than literature, he entered Parliament in 1884 as member for Athlone, which he continued to represent till the following year, when he exchanged his constituency for Newry. At the last General Election Mr. McCarthy withdrew his barque from the turbulent waters of Irish politics, a decision which was hastened by his delicate health. It used to be said that he had the smallest head in the House of Commons. He has written an "Outline of Irish History" and England under Gladstone." A more delightful contribution to literature is a story entitled "Dolly," which, by a curious coincidence, appeared in the same week as a book by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett bearing the same title. Mr. McCarthy is a man of unusual linguistic abilities, but his translation from the Persian of "Omar Khayyām" astonished even his most intimate friends, who hardly credited him with such erudite powers. He wields a very graceful pen, and has ample opportunity of displaying his wide reading in the dramatic critiques which brighten the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. After the world had guessed everybody but the real author, he acknowledged that he was the adapter of "The Candidate," which had a great success some years ago, and has lately been revived at the Criterion Theatre.

The bride, Miss Marie Cecilia Brown (better known under her stage-name of Cissy Loftus), is the daughter of the famous music-hall artist, Miss Marie Loftus. She was educated in the Catholic seminary at Mayfield, and commenced her extraordinarily popular career in the summer of 1893. Her *début* was made in the form of an "extra turn" one evening at the Oxford Music-Hall, when her success was instantaneous. As a mimic, she has no rival, but many imitators. Mr. George Edwardes immediately obtained her services for the Gaiety—not without, however, some legal difficulties, owing to the fame she had already obtained in "another place." She played Haidee in "Don Juan" with graceful charm. Her latest achievements have been imitations, at the Palace Theatre, of Yvette Guilbert and Sarah Bernhardt. But perhaps the best description of Miss Loftus is that which was written by her future

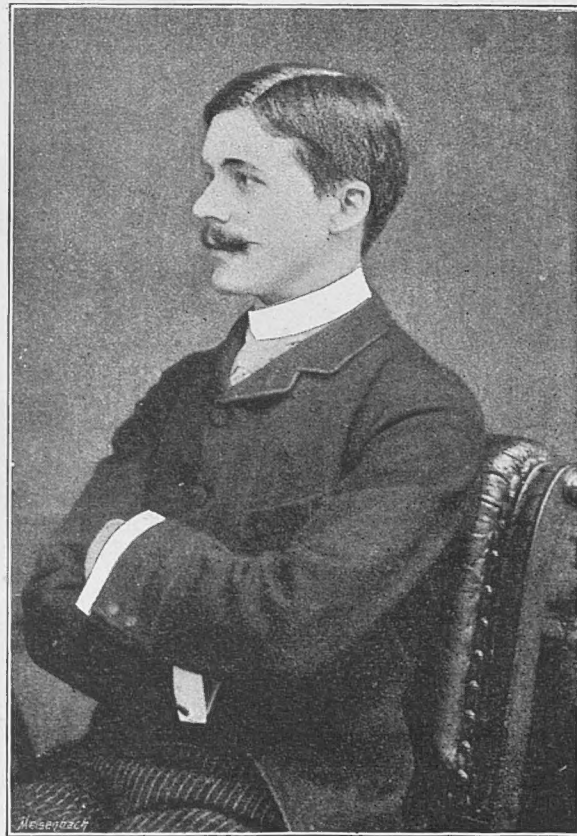
husband in the *Gentleman's Magazine* when she appeared in "Don Juan." It was in this wise—

The chief charm of "Don Juan" is due to the presence of a young actress who was unknown to London a year ago, but who, for more than one reason, merits some special attention. Miss Cissy Loftus seems to be very young, seems to be little more than a girl. It has been said that she came straight from a convent school to the music-hall stage, where she earned an immediate fame for her cleverness in mimicking the mannerisms and the merits of popular players and singers; and from the music-hall stage she was very quickly moved to the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. There is always something appealing, attractive, and even melancholy in the presence of extreme youth upon any stage: it may be admitted that the melancholy quality of the interest aroused is increased when the stage happens to be one devoted to burlesque. The conditions of theatrical life, even at its best, are not of a kind that seem to harmonise most happily with the dawning life, and, inevitably, these conditions are not more felicitous when that stage is of the nature of a variety show.

It would be difficult to overrate the charm that the presence of Miss Loftus lends to the scene and to the stage. Her youth and her beauty would in themselves be enough to recommend her to the frequenters of a theatre where youth and beauty are highly rated. But Miss Loftus attracts, not by her accordance with, but by her contrast to, her surroundings. In the heat and glare of colour, in the assertion of gaudy dresses, the emphasis of physical display and the audacity of a chartered license, this pale, tranquil, dark-haired girl comes like an incarnation of candour and simplicity and youth, and the artless grace of youth. She moves through the noise and glitter of the burlesque with the ingenuous self-possession of spring, to all appearance unconscious of her beauty and heedless of applause, a living allegory of Arcadian innocence passing with unstained serenity through the Saturnalia of a masquerade. A nymph of the woods, a sister of the society of Artemis could seem scarcely less out of place at a Witches' Sabbath than this quiet child in the delirium of a Gaiety burlesque. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the management to put her there. It gave to a familiar entertainment a new and subtle savour, a quality of pleasure unfamiliar to the time and the place, a pleasure like that which the coolness and the cleanness of the dawn affords after long hours of revel.

But there is something melancholy, if there is not something cruel, in the pleasure which this contrast offers. It is gained at a great expense; the sacrifice is well-nigh inevitable; it seems impossible that the freshness which makes the contrast so sharp can, under the conditions, endure. A nameless poet in the Greek Anthology, in his rapture over a statue of the sleeping Ariadne, implores the beholders not to come too near, lest by their touch they should stir the image from its slumber to life and the hurt of life. It is to be hoped that daily contact with the wild business of burlesque will not arouse Miss Loftus from her simplicity, from her reserve, from her cool, sweet inexperience, and change her from what she is into anything less modest and refined and admirable.

She is exceedingly clever in the one thing that she is called upon to do. She lends to her mimicry of this player and that dancer and the other singer a delicate graciousness which makes the satire the most flattering compliment in the world; she reproduces voice, gesture, mannerism of her subjects with a fidelity that surprises and delights. There are those who maintain that experts in mimicry seldom show originality or gain distinction in creation, just as great linguists are seldom masters of a native style. Critics of this school might forbode that Miss Loftus plays the parts of so many people with too great an ease to suggest the possibility of her having any part of her own to play. If there be such a rule in dramatic art—an art that, after all, is based on mimicry—it is possible that



MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

Miss Loftus may prove to be one of the exceptions. As far as it is possible—or, rather, as far as it is wise—to speculate from the known to the unknown, I should be inclined to believe, or, at least, to hope, that Miss Loftus has a capacity for the acting of comedy.

Music-halls and burlesque houses are excellent places of entertainment for those, with whom I am content to count myself, who find them entertaining; but there are forms of art which, without pedantry, may be admitted to stand higher—forms of art that reward their service with more desirable rewards. And one would be glad if it were possible to enlist so much youth and so much grace and charm and aptitude in that higher service.

THE NEW PLAY AT THE ADELPHI.

A CHAT WITH MR. HADDON CHAMBERS.

Trying to interview Mr. Haddon Chambers is something like hunting the Snark. Everybody wants him just now, actors, managers, and all sorts and conditions of men, for he is bringing out a new play at the Adelphi to-morrow, and is busy every moment of the day. And there is something particularly elusive about the dramatist, for even when you think you have fairly landed him, and have settled down for a good hour's talk, he may softly and silently vanish away, and you are left lamenting, like the searchers for the Snark.

It is at Westgate, in his charming home near the sea, that I run my quarry to earth at last. And we have a pleasant chat enough once we have settled down to it, for Haddon Chambers has a singularly fascinating

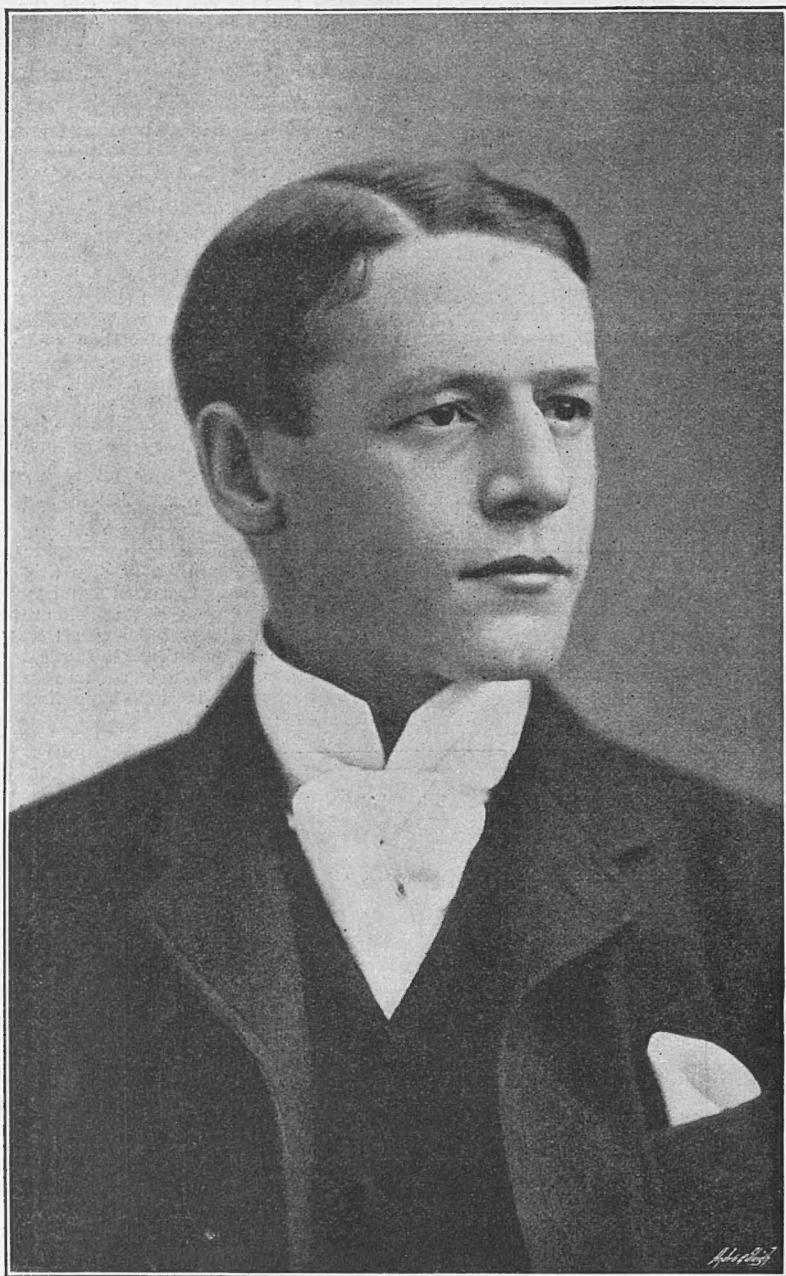


Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS.

personality, and is absolutely free from affectation. I could not possibly describe him—he is like nobody else in the world.

"How did the reading go off?" I asked.

"They are all very pleased, and the reading went off well. How did I come to write this piece? Well, Messrs. Gatti asked me to write them something three years ago, but I had at the time already too much work on hand. Quite lately, after the death of poor Henry Pettitt, whose place it will be indeed difficult to fill, they again made me a flattering offer, and, as Mr. Charles Wyndham kindly allowed me to postpone date of delivery of the play I have contracted to write for him, I decided to undertake the Adelphi play at once, in collaboration with B. C. Stephenson. I chose him because I remembered a curious meeting I had had with him two years ago, when I went to see my mother off to Australia. He was also seeing someone off, and I met him on the tender. We lunched together, and talked about melodrama. So I thought of him at once when the Gattis came to me about the play. We wrote out the *scenario* in a week, and then we came down here together, and the whole play was written in seven weeks."

"You like writing melodrama. It was a new departure."

"I enjoyed it. I like the freedom and absence of restriction."

"Shall you try melodrama again?"

"Very probably I will; but I have a good deal of work on hand still. I am to write the play for Charles Wyndham next. I have just come back from a trip to Berlin, which I took in his company, partly for the sake of a brief holiday, partly that we might talk over the scheme of the play. Mr. Wyndham is an old friend of mine; it is a pleasure to work for him. Then, I have a play coming out at the Haymarket, which was finished some months ago. I think it is the best thing I have ever done."

"And when shall we see this play, Mr. Chambers?"

"Well, it may not be done till next season, though it is possible it may be presented in the autumn, before Mr. Tree's American tour," replied its author. "In any case, however, it will be the next original play produced at the Haymarket Theatre."

"Is it really as good as 'The Idler'?" I asked.

"I am more in love with it," replied Mr. Haddon Chambers, "and so are those of my friends who have read it, including Charles Cartwright, for whose judgment I have a great respect. It was he, you know, who did so much for my reputation in my own country by producing and playing Mark Cross in 'The Idler' in Sydney."

"I have heard that your new Haymarket play is a very delicate one."

"It is, and it will require most careful playing. The dramatist's task is not over when he has written a play. There is all the anxiety of the casting and production, an anxiety which cannot be understood except by someone who has gone through it. Anything can ruin a play: a foggy night, a change in the political horizon, the death of a royal personage, or an actor who gets a wrong idea of his part. You see, the play must stand by its production. The audience don't see the character as you saw it in your study; they only see the person who is playing the part. Then," he added, with a smile, "there is always just the bare possibility that your play is not a good one."

"Would you mind telling me when you do your work, Mr. Chambers?"

"This is the first play I have ever written in the daytime," replied the dramatist. "I have never written before except at night, when the world is dead. I have a very active temperament, and I find it difficult to write while others are riding, swimming, or walking about. But I have done my work on this play on the balcony in the afternoon."

"You look wonderfully young, Mr. Chambers. How old were you when you wrote 'Captain Swift'?"

"Twenty-eight. What made me take to literary work? I was driven to it by unexpected money losses. I took to it on the advice of a literary friend, who thought he detected promise in my correspondence. I wrote fifty or more short stories for magazines, twenty-two of which have been republished recently in volume form in America. I had great success with my stories. A funny thing happened with one editor. He asked me for a personal interview, and when I came in he fidgeted about, and finally said, 'Could not your father come himself?'"

"But did you not always intend to write? Was it actually a kind of chance that you began to write at all?"

"Well, I got a prize for an essay on cruelty to animals when I was fourteen, but that was the only thing I did, I think, except trying to write poetry. I was very busy otherwise, you see. I got into the New South Wales Civil Service when I was fifteen, and was earning a decent salary when I was sixteen. When I got tired of office routine I spent some time rough riding in the bush."

"You don't seem like a person who has been in the bush," interrupted the interviewer at this point, glancing at the interviewee, with his refined personality, his decided look of 'race,' not to mention the delicate hands and gentle voice.

"Don't I? Well, these experiences came in very useful in writing stories, not to mention the plays which came a little later on. The drama is a curious and exacting mistress. Once put your hand to the plough, you never turn back. I have never written a line of any other kind since once I began to write plays."

"And have you quite given up writing poetry?"

"You mean verses. Yes; I quite abandoned making verses when I was able to appreciate poetry."

"I suppose you had trouble in getting managers to hear your plays at first? Is it true that you pursued Mr. Tree into a Turkish bath in order to make him hear 'Captain Swift'?"

"The last two acts," corrected Mr. Haddon Chambers. "I read the first two acts to him at the theatre, and what with the interruptions, Mr. Tree's cold blue eye, and my own nervousness, I'm afraid I read execrably; then I read him the last two acts in the Turkish bath. I was determined he should hear them, and the play was accepted there and then."

"You still look absurdly young for your age, Mr. Haddon Chambers. You are thirty-two, are you not?"

"Thirty-four," he corrected quickly. "I am sorry to say I am older than I look, but glad to say I am younger than I feel"—with which enigmatic speech he left me, and went off to join Mr. Latham, the new manager of the Adelphi Theatre, who was waiting all this time for him at St. Mildred's Hotel, opposite.

L. H. A.

FIN-DE-SIÈCLE JOURNALISM.

REPORTER: "What's the assignment to-day?"

MANAGING EDITOR: "Stroll down Broadway, allow a cable-car to run over you, and describe the sensations in four columns for our Sunday issue."—*Judge*.

THE NEW OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

A CHAT WITH MR. EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI.

Passing through the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, and along a couple of corridors, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a large crowd standing upon the stage that is indissolubly associated with the genius of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. But instead of the music of Shakspeare's verse or of Tennyson's, a sprightly, tuneful chorus was being sung by nearly a hundred voices, and anon a beautiful, clear soprano broke into a melodious solo. Mr. Edward Jakobowski's new comic opera, "The Queen of Brilliants," was, in fact, in full rehearsal, and, heavens! how distractingly busy everyone was! There was a large platform erected across the footlights and adjoining the stage, which was quite shut off from the auditorium, and on this were a grand piano, a table, several chairs, and a conductor's music-desk. Mr. Charles Harris, the stage-manager, sat in front, roaring out his commands to the little army of actors, chorus-singers, dancers, and supers, and drilling them with wonderful precision and supreme skill. At the music-desk was Herr Steindorf, who has specially come over from New York to conduct the music: there was an indefatigable accompanist at the piano, and sitting together in continuous consultation with artists, stage-manager, musical director, everybody, in fact, were the popular and clever Mr. Brandon Thomas, who has turned the original German libretto into a practicable working piece, and Mr. Edward Jakobowski, the composer of the music. It was the last-named gentleman that I had come specially to see.

"Come to my room," he said; "we can talk quietly there." And he led me from the stage to a little room that was simply littered with musical manuscripts, scores of choruses, songs, concerted pieces, dances, &c.

"Now, Mr. Jakobowski, tell me something about 'The Queen of Brilliants.'"

"Well," he answered, "I had a commission to write it for the Carl Theatre, Vienna, where it was produced on March 25 last, under the title of 'Die Brillanten Königin,' the papers describing it as the biggest success in comic opera that they had had in Vienna for many a day. Immediately after the production I had five offers for the opera from America, and naturally settled with the best management, namely, Messrs. Abbey and Grau, especially when I knew that Miss Lillian Russell was to play the leading part."

"And you are quite satisfied with the way in which they are producing the piece?"

"I should think so. It will be a splendid production—in fact, Charles Harris says it is the biggest production in comic opera that he has ever been connected with, and that is saying a great deal. There will be over 540 costumes—all of the Directoire period—designed by Cromelli. The three scenes by Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. Harker, and Mr. Perkins will be very elaborate and picturesque, the scene of the second act being practically divided into four, because of the pictures illustrating a dream. I may say that Messrs. Abbey and Grau are doing everything that managers could do to deserve success, and they are spending £7000 on this production."

"Do you offer any special features in the opera?"

"I believe in light and tuneful music for comic opera, or operette, as it is called in America, and I am sure that it only needs improved librettos—librettos that tell a story consistently, dramatically, and entertainingly—to make comic opera as popular as ever it was. People coming to the theatre after late dinner like to hear music that they can carry away in their heads and hum as they go home. Well, I think the music of 'The Queen of Brilliants' will be found as light and bright as that of my popular 'Erminie.' But you mustn't think I disregard the necessity for musicianship in this branch of composition; I only insist on the importance of 'catchy' tunes."

"And the libretto?"

"Brandon Thomas has merely taken the groundwork of the original German book—in fact, only the character of the heroine—and round this he has written a practically new libretto. Our aim has been to tell a story in a concise, dramatic way, without depending on low comedian's 'gags' and 'business,' irrelevantly dragged in, and in this design we are loyally supported by the management."

"Are you a quick worker, Mr. Jakobowski?"

"Well, I wrote this opera originally in seven weeks, but I have written fourteen new numbers, as they have been required, during the progress of rehearsals here."

"When and where did you produce your first work?" I asked.

"In 1873, in Vienna, where I lived from 1863, when I was five years old, till 1876. My parents were Viennese, of Polish extraction, but I was born in London, and my father became a naturalised Englishman. In Vienna I studied for seven years at the Conservatoire, or the Society of Music Friends, as it is called—the Government Academy. I was principally under Hellmesberger, the conductor at the Grand Opera House, and I took prizes for harmony and instrumentation; but my first production—a one-act comic opera, called 'Le Réveil,' was only a *succès d'estime*. The second piece I wrote was actually in rehearsal in Paris, where I lived two years, but the management failed, and the opera was never produced."

"And your first production here in London?"

"Was 'Dick,' a comic opera, with a libretto by Alfred Murray. It was a fair success at the Globe, but it was re-written as a burlesque opera for the Gaiety, whence it was transferred to the Empire—at that

time a regular theatre. It ran 108 nights, with Fanny Leslie, Harry Monkhouse, Arthur Williams, and John L. Shine in the cast."

"But, of course, 'Erminie' has been your great success?"

"Yes, that has been wonderful. It was produced at the Comedy in 1885, and ran 196 performances, then it was revived six months later, and was given another 84 times, since when it has been running continuously in the provinces. In America the success has been even greater. 'Erminie' was produced at the Casino in New York on May 10, 1886, and ran 758 nights without a break, and since then it has been revived once for 146 nights and again for 112 nights, while it has been played all the time in the different States, at one time by as many as eight companies."

"And what are your other operas?"

"'Mynheer Jan' was not a success at the Comedy in 1887, but 'Paola' has been fairly popular in the provinces and America, while



MR. JAKOBOWSKI.

Photo by Rockwood, New York.

there is a probability of a syndicate doing it in London. Harry Paulton wrote the librettos for both these operas, as he did for 'Erminie.' 'La Rosière,' at the Shaftesbury, was a failure, though when the assistance of Brandon Thomas was called in and he re-wrote the libretto, the receipts went up in a week from £9 a night to close on £60, but it happened it was then too late."

"And your future works?"

"Two nights after 'The Queen of Brilliants' comes out here, Mr. Francis Wilson produces, at Abbey's Theatre, in New York, a new opera I have written for him, to a libretto by Mr. Cheevers Goodwin, called 'The Devil's Deputy,' and immediately after we have started here I go over to New York to see that that piece is going all right, and to superintend the American production of 'The Queen of Brilliants.' Then, as to my arrangements ahead, I am now writing a new opera for Miss Russell to produce in London next year—a German libretto by Philipp, to be Anglicised. I am under contract to write the music to a French libretto by Chivot and Duru, 'Le Carême de Titine,' for Francis Wilson to produce at Abbey's Theatre, New York, on Sept. 11, 1895, and then for the autumn season of 1896 Brandon Thomas and I are under contract to write another opera for Mr. Wilson. I have also agreed to compose six songs for Miss St. John, which she engages to sing whenever she sings elsewhere than in a theatrical piece." M. C. S.

THE CRICKET OF THE SEASON.

First-class cricket will drag on for a few weeks longer in picnic matches at Scarborough and elsewhere, but public interest almost ceased, as it usually does, with the completion of the county championship. After everything had pointed to a dead-heat between Surrey and Yorkshire for premier honours, the former just carried off the championship by a single point. The issue was in doubt until the very last match, and, indeed, until the last day of the last match. Even then it was the weather that finally settled it. Surrey just managed to finish and win their match against Sussex, while Yorkshire, owing to the rain, had to abandon their match against Somerset, which, had they succeeded in winning, would have made them level with the Londoners.

And there the matter rests, or rather it does not rest. As usual in the event of a close finish, the public are attempting to prove in a variety of methods that the champions ought not to be champions. On the lines laid down for the championship contest Surrey has won. There is no

has also upheld his reputation. K. J. Key comes out with 18, D. L. A. Jephson 15, Ayres 13, Wood 9, Richardson 7, and Smith 5.

In bowling, Surrey, as a rule, carried everything before them. Richardson is again easily at the top, with 120 wickets at the cost of a little over 11. Smith has obtained 58 at 14 each, while Lockwood has 91, costing only slightly more than Smith's.

Mr. F. S. Jackson, as might have been expected, heads the Yorkshire batting averages with 28. He is closely followed by E. Smith with 27, while Brown, the professional, comes next with 24. Wainwright again takes first place at bowling with 97 wickets, at a cost of a little over 10 each. Peel's figures work out at 11 per wicket, and Hirst at a trifle over 13. It is rather surprising to find T. C. O'Brien at the top of the Middlesex batting averages with nearly 35 to his credit. F. G. J. Ford comes next with 25, and Stoddart shows a falling off with 23. It is quite evident that Mr. Stoddart is a hard-wicket batsman, a fact which will just suit him when he visits Australia during the coming winter. Although Mr. L. C. V. Bathurst nominally heads the bowling averages at 11 per wicket, Hearne's figures—119 wickets at 14 each—is

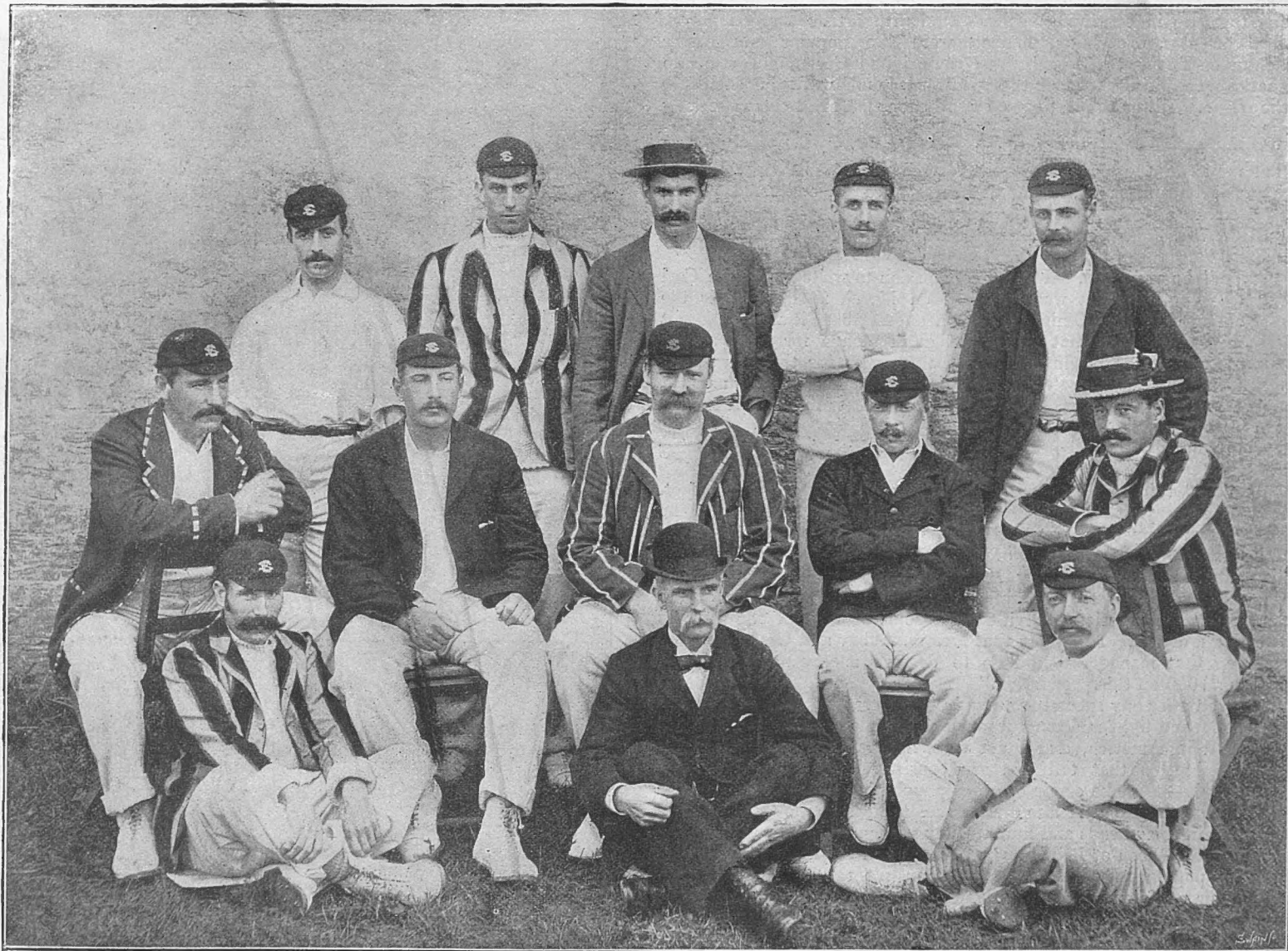
Street.

Ayres.

Richardson.

Smith.

Hayward.

W. W. Read.
Wood.

Lockwood.

K. J. Key (Captain).
F. Boyington (Scorer).

Abel.

Photo by Chaffin and Sons, Taunton.
Brockwell.
Baldwin.

SURREY CRICKETERS, 1894.

doubt, and cannot be any doubt, about that. The figures speak for themselves. As to whether Surrey is a better side than Yorkshire, that is, of course, a different matter, which may or may not be open to doubt. Taking the result of the season's matches, there appears to be next to nothing between the two teams. If, however, we take the result of the two matches which Surrey and Yorkshire played against each other, Surrey, who won both easily, come out with an overwhelming advantage.

We give to-day a portrait of the Surrey team who have played so well and so consistently throughout the season. No fewer than seven of the Surrey eleven have an average of 23 and upwards. Brockwell's brilliant batting has had much to do with the success of the team, and he easily heads the list with an average of 34. Last season, on a batsman's wicket, the best he could do was 24. Second place is occupied by Street, with an average of 28, as against 8 last season. He is, however, only fractionally better than W. W. Read, who has played twice as many innings as the young professional. Hayward, again, has made an immense improvement on last year's figures, also with an average of 28, fractionally under that of "W. W." Lockwood, with 24 to his credit and a bowling average of 14, has unmistakably proved himself the best all-round man in the team. Abel has improved on last year's figures, with an average of close on 24, while M. Read, with 23,

the best performance. Rawlin comes next with 90 wickets at 14½ each. This has been a great season for young batsmen coming to the front. Baker, who heads the Lancashire averages with 29, was hardly thought good enough by some critics for the county eleven at the beginning of the season. Sugg has done very well with 28, but Albert Ward is rather disappointing with something under 27. As might be expected, Mold has proved himself by far the best bowler with 144 wickets at a fraction over 11 each. Briggs has 97 at 16. It is astonishing how well some of the counties which were formerly reckoned as second class have done. L. C. Docker heads the Warwickshire list with 37. J. E. Hill comes out at 34, and H. W. Bainbridge at 31. Then follow the professionals a long way behind, in the order of Diver and the brothers Quaife. Pallet, who heads the bowling averages, has done splendid work in capturing 97 wickets at a little over 11 each.

Perhaps the most striking result of all is that shown by Hampshire. Captain Wynyard has the astonishing average of over 66 runs per innings. Three times he scored over 100 for consecutive innings, and that against first-class bowling. I believe that W. G. Grace is the only cricketer who has brought off a similar feat. Next to Captain Wynyard comes H. F. Ward, with an average of 42; A. J. L. Hill has 41, and Barton, the ex-Kent professional, comes next with 40.

"THE PROFLIGATE" REVIVED.

A more fitting opportunity for the revival of "The Profligate" could not have appeared than the present. It is over five years since Mr. Hare opened the Garrick Theatre with Mr. Pinero's play, which was then considered—at least, by the artistic minority—as the finest thing in contemporary English drama. But much has taken place in the interval. A great advance has been made, and by nobody more than by Mr. Pinero himself. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has completely eclipsed "The Profligate," making the earlier play seem old and a trifle threadbare in the light of the more vigorous and less theatrical qualities of the St. James's success. But it is for that very reason that the revival of "The Profligate" is of such interest. Its revival at the Grand Theatre, followed, curiously enough, by the production of "Mrs. Tanqueray" at the same house this week, affords a striking object-lesson in dramatic progress such as is very rarely seen. And it is more timely in another sense, for the artistic minority of yesterday has become the popular theatre majority of to-day, so that the success of "The Profligate" is bound to be far greater in the country, at any

"THE FOUNDLING," AT TERRY'S.

If a young man on the eve of matrimony learns that he is not the person he supposes himself to be, but a mere adopted foundling without a name of his own, and he goes straight away to his *fiancée* and her parents, and informs them of his discovery, and is promptly told by his lady-love's mother that the engagement is "off" until he can produce some respectable parents; if, also, this young man is used by his would-be father-in-law as a scapegoat for his own amorous intrigues, and is, consequently, involved with a perky little music-hall artist; and if he is still further made to appear a monster of infidelity by passing, will-he, nill-he, as the husband of a friend's betrothed, in order to save her from an enforced marriage with a horrid little cad, it is not surprising if complications ensue. Now, in writing their farce, "The Foundling," which Mr. W. T. Holloway produced at Terry's on Thursday evening, Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. E. M. Robson appear to have had no other purpose than to provoke amusement by weaving a perfect network of complications, and in this they have certainly succeeded. They have not aimed at any freshness of characterisation, or any particular

J. B. Wostinholm (Sec.). Hunter. Mounsey. E. Smith. F. S. Jackson. A. Sellers. Wainwright. Moorhouse. Turner (Scorer).



Hirst.

Tunnicliffe.

Brown.

Foster.

Photo by Symmons and Theille, Chancery Lane, W.C.

YORKSHIRE CRICKETERS, 1894.

rate, than it was five years ago, when Mr. Hare took it on tour, encountering a very lukewarm reception at Manchester. Of the enthusiasm with which it was received at the Grand Theatre, Islington, last week, there cannot be a moment's doubt. One was more conscious than ever, it is true, of the curious improbabilities in the plot, and of that flowery extravagance of much of the dialogue, which, however, the actor who hankers after "fat" will still admire. But the superb acting of Mr. Forbes-Robertson made one almost forgive the crudities of its philosophy, of its construction, and its phraseology. The actor never surpassed his presentation of Dunstan Renshaw, and he held the whole play together in a wonderful way. Miss Kate Rorke was delightful in the first act, although she rather fell off in the strong scenes where she formerly excelled. Miss May Harvey, however, as Janet Preece, is a great advance on her predecessor, Miss Nethersole. She is less stagey, and far more sincere in the part, and thus she was a conspicuous success. On the other hand, Mr. E. W. Gardiner falls short of Mr. Lewis Waller as the Scotch solicitor; the part would be weak enough in the hands of the best actor. Mr. Ian Robertson, succeeding Mr. Hare as Lord Dangars, recalled his part in "Sowing the Wind," and Miss May Whitty was scarcely satisfactory as Irene Stonchay. But, taken all in all, the revival is very good, and, judging from its send-off at the Grand, it should be enthusiastically received in the provinces. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Renshaw certainly should not be missed. It is altogether memorable.

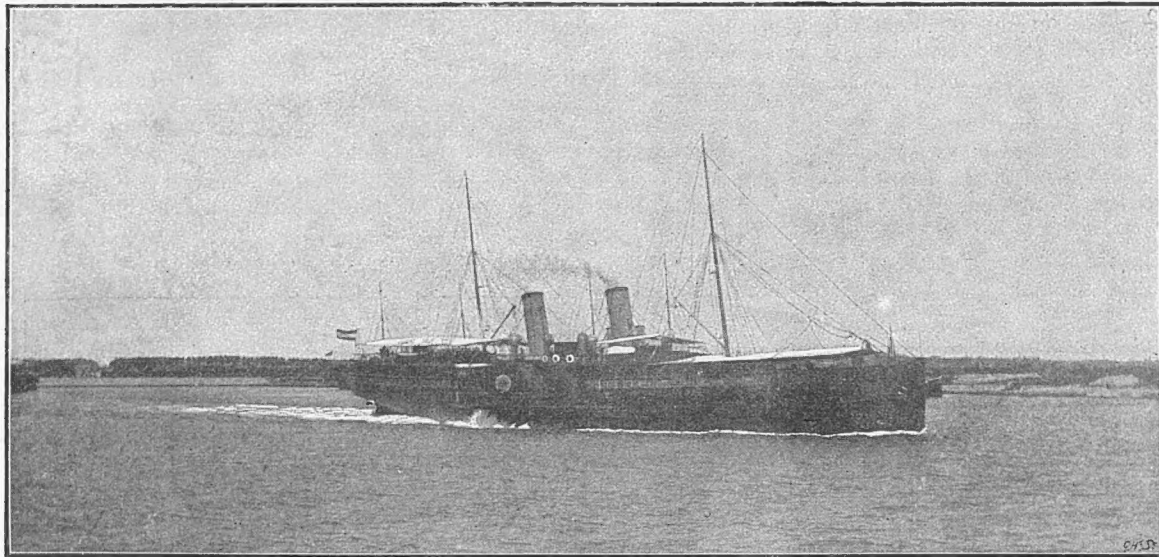
J. M. B.

brilliance of dialogue; they have simply set themselves to produce a bustling piece of farcical extravagance, and to this end they have been satisfied to take a number of characters which have seen more or less service in many another play—well-approved veterans, in fact—and to place these in a series of broadly farcical situations, some of which have never been known to fail, as, for instance, the time-honoured entrance of the domineering wife just as her philandering spouse is gaily disporting himself with the dancing vocalist from the "halls"—always a certain provocative of laughter. The foundling's search for his unknown mother affords opportunity for bringing the blush of indignation to the elderly spinster when circumstantial evidence points to her as the probable mother, and, of course, no occasion is lost to tickle the laughing propensities of the audience. "The Foundling" is not a specimen of witty or original play-writing, but it is fairly ingenious. A great deal of the success was due to the fun and vitality put into the performance. Mr. Sydney Brough, as the foundling, proved that he possesses the requisite genial humour and vivacity for the proverbial shuttlecock of the farcical battledore. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was quite delightful as the young lady who innocently annexes a husband till her *fiancé* arrives. Mr. Charles Groves was of immense value as the conventional henpecked and mendacious major, and Miss Susie Vaughan was excellent as his domineering wife, while Mr. Huntley Wright was successful as a Cockney cad, and Miss Emmeline Orford made a hit as the music-hall artist with a sprightly song and dance.

M. C. S.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND ON TOUR.

Holland must always be interesting to Englishmen. This year it is of more than ordinary interest from the fact that it is exactly two hundred years ago since the death of Mary, whose marriage with William of Orange gave us a Dutch king; while it is just one hundred years since we were driven from Holland by the French. Then there was the disastrous expedition to the island of Walcheren in 1809, when Lord Chatham was sent with troops to destroy the naval arsenal which



THE QUEEN GOING DOWN THE SCHELDT ON THE NEDERLAND.

Napoleon was creating at Antwerp. He stopped *en route* to take Flushing, so that Napoleon had time to put Antwerp in a state of defence, while 7000 English soldiers, left in charge of Walcheren, died of marsh fever, and £20,000,000 was thrown away. But the most striking of all the events of our connection with Holland was the appearance of Admiral De Ruyter in the Medway in 1667. These two last incidents have been vividly brought to mind by the recent tour of the young Queen Wilhelmina through Zeeland. The Queen, who, by-the-way, celebrated her fourteenth birthday on Friday, is an interesting personality from her very youth, and her relationship with the Duchess of Albany, her mother's sister, cannot fail to give her Majesty more than ordinary importance in the eyes of English folk. Accompanied by her mother, the Queen-Regent, who still always wears black, she arrived on

Aug. 22 at Middleburg, which is the capital of Zeeland, and where she stayed three days at the fine old abbey there. Next day she took train to Flushing, which is only four miles from Middleburg. Arriving early in the forenoon, she was welcomed by her enthusiastic subjects. But for the execrable weather, her visit would have been a complete success. Boarding the fine steamer *Nederland*, of the Zeeland Steamship Company, she sailed down the Scheldt and inspected the men-of-war *De Ruyter*, *Atjeh*, *Guinea*, and *Stier*, on the last of which a serious gas explosion took place in the coal-bunkers, seven bluejackets being terribly injured. The *Nederland* steamed slowly down the river amid

the roar of saluting cannon and a heavy storm of rain, during which, however, the little Queen stayed on deck, interested in everything around her. On the return to the New Harbour Station, the Governor of Flanders was introduced to the Queens, and a lunch was offered to the royalties by the town of Flushing, the Netherlands State Railways, and the Zeeland Steamship Company. In the afternoon the Queens paid a visit to the Town Hall, and, driving to the Rotunda on the Nord Zee Boulevard, unveiled the restored statue of the great Admiral De Ruyter. De Ruyter was as hardy a sea-dog as ever sailed. He began his career as a common sailor, and rose to make Holland the great maritime power it was in the seventeenth century. During the years 1664-7 he managed to keep England pretty lively, although the Dutch more than once suffered defeat at the hands of General Monk. In 1667 the Government, at its wits' end for money, laid up the great ships of

the fleet at Chatham. The lighter ships were to be sent out to prey on Dutch commerce, while the English coast was to be defended by fortifications at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Harwich. In June of that year, however, the Dutch made their appearance in the Thames, and, under De Ruyter, they broke the chain across the Medway, and burned eight great ships. Queen Wilhelmina thus did a popular thing in honouring De Ruyter. An address to the royal visitors was delivered by the President of the *Nut van het Algemeen Society*, who, after thanking their Majesties for their presence, recalled the original inauguration of the monument in 1841, which was attended by the young Queen's grandfather, William II. Having performed the ceremony of unveiling the statue, the Queen placed a large wreath at its foot. A second wreath was laid on the statue on behalf of the Dutch Navy, and songs were sung by a choir of 800 children.



THE QUEEN IN FRISIAN COSTUME.



QUEEN WILHELMINA.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to reside at Balmoral until the third week in November, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle. Her Majesty was much distressed at the sudden death of Sir John Cowell, which was intimated to her while journeying north. The Queen lost no time in despatching a sympathetic telegram of condolence to the widow of the Master of the Household. No one has a kinder consideration for those who have faithfully served her than the Queen.

The Queen's train for the journey from Gosport to Ballater consisted of sixteen carriages, and was over a hundred and sixty yards in length. The saloons in which the Queen travels between England and Scotland are so admirably constructed and arranged that even a long journey in them cannot fatigue the royal passengers. There are two double saloons, connected by a passage, and they are always placed in the centre of the train. They have solid wheels and specially-manufactured springs, so that the motion of the train is barely perceptible. The steps, like those in old-fashioned carriages, let down, and the windows are of thick plate glass. The day saloon is furnished like an ordinary drawing-room. The night carriage has thickly-curtained windows, and contains two beds; while adjoining there is a lavatory compartment, with a large fitted bath. Both saloons are lighted by shaded lamps, and the floors have heavy carpets and thoroughly-padded ceilings. Each compartment has separate sets of electric bells, one for attendants and the other for officials, and the ringing of the latter causes the immediate stoppage of the train. The Queen travels with an immense number of despatch-boxes, and parcels of books and bundles of wraps, for which there are huge racks. The London and North-Western Company have always provided the train for the Queen's journey to Scotland.

The royal horses and carriages arrived at Balmoral the day before the Queen, having been conveyed by steamer from London to Aberdeen. The remainder of the horses at Osborne were subsequently removed to Windsor, and six which belonged to Prince Henry of Battenberg were despatched at the same time.

Sir Henry Ponsonby is about to take a six weeks' holiday, and while he is away from Balmoral his duties as private secretary to the Queen will be undertaken by Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Colonel Bigge.

Various improvements have been carried out at Balmoral during the last few months, and a good deal of decorative work has been done. The most noticeable feature of the private apartments at Balmoral is the extreme simplicity of the furniture and fittings, while to the southerner the tartan coverings of the chairs, the tartan curtains, and other appurtenances have a decidedly bizarre effect. The dining-room is especially plain, almost the sole ornament being a handsomely-mounted ram's head, bearing on the base a silver plate announcing that it was "Presented to her Majesty the Queen by Mr. Peter Tocher." The Queen's bed-room is as unembellished as the rest of the Castle, and is chiefly remarkable for the lugubrious character of its mural decorations, the walls being adorned with framed photographs and engravings depicting the tombs of her Majesty's deceased relatives.

The Rev. A. A. Campbell, for the benefit of whose church at Crathie the bazaar at Balmoral is being held to-day, is a native of Arran. The son of a parish minister, he was educated at Glasgow University, and began his professional career in the same city as assistant to Norman Macleod. Through Dr. Macleod's influence, he was appointed first minister of Lonmay parish, in Aberdeenshire, and then, in 1876, of Crathie, in succession to Dr. M. C. Taylor, now Professor of Church History and Dean of the Faculty of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. His parish, though with a population of barely seven hundred, is a very extensive one, and his living is worth probably not less than £400 a-year. He is a tall, dignified man, as becometh her Majesty's minister.

Boulogne Fair being in full swing during August, I felt it incumbent to "step across" from Folkestone, where I had put in a very moist fortnight climatically, and do the show. Accordingly, I crossed the rolling seas, and fell foul of my feelings all the way. This French town, inhabited by Englishmen, is as characteristically native, after all, as if Britain's shady output had left it in its primeval and undisturbed virtue all along. Some indigenous diversions are, of course, to be had, and of these the Casino is a favourite temptation, to which I willingly succumbed while a franc remained. The bathing *tout ensemble* was also appreciated, and the play, if not too "precious," is not too pungent, mild melodrama and deadly serious comedy being the prevailing notes. So I went to that, too. But if I am asked to describe the Fair it will be condensed into an overpowering impression of Babel, and wafts of strong—too strong—cheese, after which a rapid retreat overmastered all further curiosity. There is, mercifully, no scenery to be interviewed at Boulogne, and no guide-books to torment one, at which the gentle stranger may rejoice. So, having done the aforesaid items, and lost one's last *sou* at the tables, one is absolutely free to make tracks for England.

I am told there is some talk of planting the bare northern side of Portland Island with trees, but from my recollection of that dreary desert one might as well try to grow cabbages on the dome of St. Paul's or picotees on a porous plaster. Who that has left cheery Weymouth

and the pretty heights of Rodwell behind him, and passed the terrible Chesil beach, which has been fatal to many a tall ship, can forget the dusty expanse that stretches before him as he leaves the railway station, the white, glaring road, and the turf brown with wind and sun, and liberally sprinkled with a thick coating of dust? I remember arriving there some years ago in the glaring heat—it was in June, 1887—with a friend. The flymen suggested a drive—my friend suggested that I should accept the offer, while he would wait for me at the hotel. The result was that we both entered that hotel and consumed simultaneously some champagne and the time that had to elapse before the train returned to Weymouth. That was all that we saw of Portland, and that, as my friend was never tired of saying, "was just a quarter of an hour and a hideous stretch of country too much."

The tragic death of Archduke Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, who died in 1889, has enveloped his widow with a world-wide sympathetic interest, which also extends to her child. Princess Stéphanie is the second daughter of King Leopold II. of Belgium. She



Photo by Türk, Vienna.

THE CROWN PRINCESS STÉPHANIE AND HER DAUGHTER, THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

celebrated her thirtieth birthday in May last. She was married on May 10, 1881, to the Crown Prince, and on Sept. 2, 1883, was born their only child, who figures in the portrait reproduced herewith. Last Sunday was, therefore, the eleventh anniversary of her birthday. The little Archduchess Elizabeth is the constant companion of her mother, and a favourite with her grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. The child possesses, it is said, the smallest dog in existence. It is only five inches high, barely seven inches long, and weighs less than half a pound.

No more salmon and no more elephants. One prophecy is bad, but both are heartrending. If the jungle trumpeter is being remorselessly exterminated, as I hear, by the three thousand hunters sent out annually to slay him for his tusks and other attractions, irrespective of age or sex, it will go hard with us for knife-handles, and the Zoo will have to climb down, metaphorically and otherwise, in nursery estimation. But when the succulent salmon is threatened with banishment from Scotch rivers by reason of the poisonous waste with which they are now flooded, then our appetites rise in protest over this foul fiend of factories, and we begin to realise what a dreary desert life would remain without salmon and cucumber. "Nothing now remains," said a forlorn fisherman to me the other day, "but to try Ireland." He will not need much sympathy, however, if he samples the Blackwater at Youghal, or the Suir at Cahir, or many other reaches that are full of fish, and comparatively little known in happy-go-lucky Hibernia.

Worthing is once more basking in the sunshine of prosperity, I am glad to notice. The heart of the local boarding-house keeper is rejoicing at the arrival of luggage-laden cabs. Materfamilias is again to be seen surrounded by her active young family on the beach, enjoying negro melodies. No fewer than twenty-five thousand people lined the sea-front at the splendid lifeboat demonstration which took place at Worthing a few days ago. Many leading townsmen worked hard for the success of the day, and their efforts were rewarded by an extremely effective *fête*. After noon the shops were closed, and the streets were crowded, hundreds of excursionists coming from Brighton by the steamboat *Princess May*. The Mayor of Worthing, Alderman Piper, entertained about eighty gentlemen to luncheon at the Royal Hotel, and in returning thanks for the toast of his health gracefully alluded to the efforts of Alderman Patching and Mr. H. Hargood in connection with the day's arrangements. The procession, led by coastguardsmen, comprised various fire brigades, bands, and the lifeboats from Brighton, Shoreham, Littlehampton, and Worthing. The latter executed various manœuvres, amid great applause from the multitudes of onlookers. The coxswain of the Worthing boat was Charles Lee, who has saved no less than thirty-seven lives. A capital nautical concert took place in the evening in the

It is asserted that Mrs. J. M. Barrie has persuaded her husband to give up tobacco. To anybody who knows that novelist's devotion to his pipe, or who has read his rhapsodies about the weed, this story must seem incredible. "My Lady Nicotine" and "When a Man's Single" rise up and deride it. The second of those charming books seems a rather inopportune oracle now, but what man among us doubts that the fancy which dictated it, and other writings by the same hand, came out of the bowl of a "briar"? I never smoked a pipe in my life, so I am quite disinterested on this subject, but Barrie is to me the chosen child of tobacco. When I first saw him puffing gravely on a chair amid a quaint conclave, to be described some day, and uttering no word, I reflected that without a pipe his spiritual sustenance would be no more. That he has abandoned it altogether is surely a figment, intended to strike terror into the hearts of bachelors.

It is related of a distinguished player who lately spent a few weeks on the west coast of Scotland that he became depressed by the rain and by the Sabbath conventicles. Perpetual wet and interminable psalmody on Sunday preyed on his mind. At last he could stand it no longer, and, walking into the public-room of his hotel one Sabbath morning, he remarked



THE LIFEBOATS AT WORTHING: "THEY'RE OFF!"

Photo by W. Garuiner, Worthing.

presence of a large company, and fireworks completed the festivities. The secretaries, Mr. Walter Paine and Mr. George Piggott, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the final consummation of their onerous exertions, which have done so much to put Worthing on its feet again.

By-the-way, while I was at Worthing I heard of her Majesty's bounty to the two old folks at Ferring who recently celebrated their diamond wedding, having been married seventy years ago. Anyone who in these degenerate days of "marriage a failure" would like to see a truly encouraging example of "matrimony a success" should walk over from Worthing to the little village, and both walk and the worthy old Darby and Joan at the end of it will, I am sure, be ample reward for their pains. Let me recommend the visitor to proceed westward to the limit of the long Worthing sea-front, and then make his or her way on the beach or the fields that adjoin it to the mouth of the pretty, steep-banked lane—almost a Devonshire lane, this—that leads to the charming village of Goring, then past the great iron gates of the Hall, through the rustic "God's Acre," and so by a narrow path to the Bull Inn, from the back of which clean old hostelry a pathway leads to the hamlet where Mr. and Mrs. Moore are "in residence." Thanks to the exertions of good friends, he will find them well cared for, and should the visitor care for a bit of a "crack" with the old gentleman, he will meet with no difficulty in this respect.

to a solemn company of Scotchmen there assembled, "This is just the day for a game of poker!" His hearers sat petrified by this appalling sentiment. At last one of them found speech and said, "If ye dinna tak' care, ye'll be driven out o' the town." "Oh!" replied the actor, affably, "I don't play cards myself, but I thought a game might cheer you up!" After this he felt better, but the failure of the De'il to whisk him off there and then has excited much comment in that part of the world on the mismanagement of business in the infernal regions.

Following swiftly after the *Saturday Review's* change of proprietorship comes the announcement that the *Evening News and Post* has passed into the hands of new proprietors. Messrs. Alfred and Harold Harmsworth, of *Answers*, now become the chief directors of this London newspaper. The managing editor will be Mr. Louis Tracy, late assistant editor of the *Sun*, who claims to be the author of the phrase "the living wage." Mr. Kennedy Jones will be the news editor of the reconstructed journal. Few daily papers have undergone so many vicissitudes in as short a period as the *Evening News and Post*. Some very clever writers have been on the paper in time past, including Mr. Charles Williams (now war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*), Mr. Harry Whites, and others, while Mr. J. H. Copleston has done much to shape its policy. It will be interesting to watch the future of this halfpenny evening journal in the Metropolis under the Harmsworth régime, which, up to the present, has had no rebuffs in its success.

À propos of the interview with Jamrach in the present issue, I may recall the famous tiger story connected with the firm. The late Mr. Charles Jamrach had had a tiger consigned to him, and the men were moving the box end over, when, in consequence of the bottom having become rotten, on lifting up the case the tiger was revealed standing by himself and quite free. The street was densely crowded, and a stupid boy went up and stroked the beast, whereupon it seized the boy, and carried him off down the street. Mr. Jamrach ran after the tiger, and, clutching it by the throat, tried to throttle it, while he endeavoured to break its back with his knee. The tiger then dropped the boy, whereupon Charles Darge came up with a crowbar and partially stunned the beast. It was so cowed that it trotted back, and, smelling the scent of other animals, perhaps, made direct for the stables, where its cage stood ready to receive it, and it actually walked in. The boy was not hurt much, but the father brought a law-suit, claiming £500. He got £50. He would have recovered less, only that Mr. Jamrach had paid that sum into court. Wombwell bought the tiger, and made quite a small fortune by exhibiting him as a sort of man-eater.

The good people of Richmond (Yorkshire) have been presented with a burlesque on the romantic story of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." It is its local character that gives importance to the burlesque, performed by the dépôt of the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment) on behalf of St. Saviour's Orphanage and the organ fund of the Catholic Church, Newbiggin. The ballad tells little about the lady, but this burlesque (so the anonymous authors aver) has rescued from obscurity many well-authenticated, but hitherto unpublished, details of the story. And if it has succeeded in throwing an unexpected light round what may claim to be one of the most brilliant and startling romances of English history, even burlesque may be a blessing. At any rate, to parody Mr. Pinero, they both begin with a "B." Perhaps I can't do better, in the space at my disposal, than give the principal persons in the cast—

Colonel Sir Wellington Wensleydale, K.C.B., Commanding the Richmond Rangers (late North York Rifles)	...	LIEUT. A. F. OWEN-LEWIS.
Bill Barga (a Deserter)	...	CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD.
William Blither (a Gentleman Farmer)	...	MR. A. CLEMENTI SMITH.
Constable Bandersnatch (of the Secret Police)	...	FERGEANT J. MERRITT.
Nathaniel Newbiggin (Landlord of "The Fleece")	...	LIEUT. B. C. W. WILLIAMS.
May Haring (Barmaid at "The Fleece")	...	MISS CHARLOTTE LAWSON.
Rose T'Anson ("The Lass of Richmond Hill")	...	MRS. SPOTTISWOODE.

The burlesque was appropriately preceded by the "curtain-raiser" "Auld Lang Syne," written by Captain Basil Hood, of the Princess of Wales's Own. The piece has been seen by Londoners at the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, and the Trafalgar Theatres. In the Richmond revival Captain Hood took the part of the Hon. Jack Boothroyd, a friend of Marian Blyth, the actress, who was represented by Mrs. Spottiswoode. In addition to having dramatists and actors in their ranks, the "Green Howards," as the regiment is called, have journalists, for they issue a bright little regimental magazine called *Ours*.



Photo by Sanderson, Richmond.
THE BARMAID AT "THE FLEECE" (MISS CHARLOTTE LAWSON).



Photo by Sanderson, Richmond.
"THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," AS PERFORMED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN (YORKSHIRE REGIMENT).

When all London is out of town, and more than half of the London clubs and theatres are deserted and shut, it is difficult enough to take a reasonable interest in metropolitan existence, but, to my mind, no people suffer from the silly season so much as the dramatic critics, who are compelled to turn out so much copy week by week for certain papers whose space is never minimised by illustrations. Like the children of Israel of old, the critical ones are instructed to make bricks although the straw has been withheld from them, and the results are in many cases painful to read. The painfulness arises from the fact that some of the gentlemen who write about plays are authorities upon drama only, and of late they have taken to expressing their opinions about art and music, with the obvious intention of filling their allotted space. Bernard Shaw lately demonstrated in the *New Review* that, of all men, dramatic critics are most incompetent to judge the merits of a play, and certain passages I have lately read in popular papers convince me that they are still less qualified to administer praise or blame to music or pictures. Let them be warned by the fate of a leading Q.C. whom I lately heard in a copyright case. He wished to denounce an infringement, but to do so with more effect he started by praising the picture from which the infringement had been made. Accordingly, he took up the original in both hands, and, speaking in his most impressive manner, delivered himself of this elaborate critique: "Your Lordship will observe that the original painting which I hold in my hand is—er—er—graceful, and—er—er—and very—er—and very nice." He then got back to the safer ground of technicalities and the Berne Convention.

The following good theatrical story may be a "chestnut," but I don't think I have heard it before in its present form. Lester Wallack, the once celebrated American actor-manager (son, I may note, of an old English Thespian, James Wallack), had produced a failure, and had played it for about a week to empty benches. One evening, however, he was rejoiced at the sight of a large audience, and said as much to his business manager, Theodore Moss. The latter drily replied, "Yes, but I think we had better cut it up for 'snow.'" This pertinent allusion to the paper bits that generally serve as stage snow showed plainly to Wallack that the house was full of "deadheads."

"Six Weeks in an Incubator" would make a fine title for "a shilling shocker," yet such has actually been the experience of a poor little mite of a girl whom I heard about the other day. Her infancy was unusually troubled, and hence, when she was between the age of three and six months, it was deemed advisable that she should share the fate of chickens and other feathered weaklings. This rather novel treatment proved so far efficacious that now, though still rather small for a child of the age of thirteen months, she gives promise of growing up into a bright and intelligent little girl. If she ever display literary inclinations, she ought to be able to turn this early experience of hers into "copy."

A propos of the "evictions" of Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Harry Marks, Miss Bertha Thomas, and other well-known residents in the St. John's Wood district, I have heard a curious true story bearing on the same topic. A gentleman received notice that his house was required by a certain railway company. He asked if it was going to be pulled down at once, and, being answered in the negative, with a rider that a caretaker would be installed in the premises, boldly proposed, "Let me stay on as caretaker." The audacious offer was accepted, and the 'cute gentleman had the satisfaction of occupying his "requisitioned" house rent free for the period of five or six years.

Every one of his many friends sympathises deeply with Mr. Lawrence Gane, Q.C., M.P., in his continued ill-health, which has compelled him to decline re-election for Parliament. Mr. Gane's career has been very brilliant, and the saddest part about it is that at its height of success he was stricken with most painful illness, which has been borne with a patient heroism, winning admiration from all his colleagues in the House of Commons. Mr. Gane is only fifty-seven years old, and was educated at the Wesleyan College, Taunton, being called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1870. He early won great popularity in the north of England by his brilliant lectures, in which he displayed exceptional elocutionary power. Anyone who has ever heard him discourse on "The Merchant of Venice" will recall his delightful criticism, born of keen insight into Shakspeare. The year 1885 is particularly memorable in Mr. Gane's life, for he was then appointed Queen's Counsel, and acceded to the wishes of his Leeds friends by contesting the Eastern Division, where he was defeated by 345 votes. About six months later, however, he was victorious, and the Leeds folk have held him in high estimation ever since. He had previously served efficiently as a member of the School Board in that town. No man on the Liberal side has so willingly and valiantly worked for his party at by-elections. I recall a particular occasion in the Midlands, when a most critical election was taking place. On the eve of the poll Mr. Gane came down to the principal town in the constituency, arriving at ten o'clock at night, after a long railway journey and a tiring day in the Law Courts. Without waiting to take any refreshment or rest, he hurried straight on to the platform, and for three-quarters of an hour thrilled two thousand people with one of the finest political addresses which I have ever heard. He began with a quotation from his favourite author, Charles Lamb, and ended, I recollect, with a poem by Will Carleton, the first verse of which was received with such tremendous applause that he recited the whole poem. I only hope that in his retirement from the more exciting phases of his work Mr. Gane may be compensated by better health. He has lately been trying sea-voyages as a means of restoring his strength.

MISS MARY BARTON.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.

This is precisely what I did not many days ago, when I "happened on" Miss Mary Barton and her actress-daughter, the clever and pretty little Dora. It was a perfectly chance *rencontre*, which, you may be sure, had not less charm because it was an unexpected one. From Ramsgate I had strolled by the cliff walk on to Broadstairs, and when I reached the break in the great chalk cliffs at Dumpton Gap I hied me to the shore. And this was the *mise en scène*: A sea sparkling like a jeweller's window in Bond Street, bordered by a strip of golden sands, and further outlined by irregular white cliffs. Near to where the waves break there was a tent rigged up, evidently for bathing purposes, and in the shade of it there reclined a lady reading, while close to her a pretty child of fourteen years was playing with an agile black kitten, a gift from Minnie Terry to Dora Barton, as I afterwards ascertained.

"Mother, mother, why, here's Mr. —," and, of course, we three at once foregathered and discussed the strange freaks of Dame Fortune, who had brought about this meeting. "We are having such a delightful time here! We are staying at a farmhouse quite near, in a lovely village with only a few cottages and no shops! The quietude is inexpressibly enjoyable, and both Dora and myself are benefiting so much by the bracing air."

Then conversation turned, as it inevitably will, to "shop," and we talked of plays and players and of her own career. Miss Mary Barton told me that she had been several seasons with Mr. Tree and with Mr. Alexander, understudying at first the characters played by Lady Monckton, Miss Granville, and Miss Maude Millett; that she was associated with Wilson Barrett and Mr. Charles Warner at the Princess's, and she played Mrs. Peel, an old lady of sixty, in "The Dean's Daughter," under Mr. Rutland Barrington at the St. James's, and was given, we may suppose, as many lines in the Press as she gave herself in her "make-up." On tour, Miss Barton personated Grace in "The Great Divorce Case," Nisbe in "A Night Off," Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy," Mrs. Baskerville in "The Paper Chase," Victoire in "A Man's Shadow," Lucy in "The Country Girl," and, to be near little Dora, her mother accepted the unambitious part of Patience in the Lyceum pantomime of "Cinderella." Miss Barton thus briefly alluded to her histrionic history, and would not or could not assist me with newspaper cuttings, but left me stranded with this indistinct record of the marks she had made on the sands of Time. "That's quite enough about me; but tell the readers of *The Sketch* how splendidly Dora is getting on. You told them before, I know, about her successful appearance under Mr. Tree's and Mr. Fenton's management as Susanne in 'A Man's Shadow'; how she understudied Minnie Terry in 'The Silent Battle,' winning Mr. Charles Wyndham's most encouraging commendation; but do mention in your notice of me her success in 'Cherry Hall' at an Avenue *matinée* in June last, her appearance the month afterwards in 'The Puritan' at the Trafalgar Theatre, and the honour she enjoyed of playing with Mr. Tree on the last night of the season in 'An Enemy of the People.'"

Then the waves broke in and interrupted our pleasant chat.

Later from Birmingham: "Mr. Tree wired us last Friday. We are with him on a seven weeks' tour. Dora playing about once a week her original part in 'An Enemy of the People.'"

B.

BALLADE OF THE NEW WOMAN.

(By Request.)

Of the New Woman—*her* to sing,
You bid me, Prince, whose jangled lyre,
Whose wrinkled Muse, of weary wing,
Have lost their early flight and fire;
More readily your fond desire
Would I concede, and chant for you
If the fair being you admire,
If the New Woman were but New!

She is, alas! no novel thing,
For History herself might tire,
Might faint and fail in following
Where the Old Woman did aspire!
What stellar space, what mortal mire,
Has not the fair sex ventured through!
Indeed, we men folk might admire
If the New Woman were but New!

She vexes now with questioning,
Must taste, experience, inquire,
For Curiosity's the spring
That sends her soaring, high and higher,
That bade her with the snake conspire,
And to the snake alone be true;
Who brought on us that heavenly ire
If the New Woman were but New?

ENVOY.

Prince, old as Adam is, our sire,
As old is Eve, whom Adam knew:
We might not labour and perspire
If the New Woman were but New.—ANDREW LANG.



MISS MARY BARTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKENS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

THE BOY CAPTAIN AND HIS STORY.

The pages of the sea have given us no finer tale for many a day than that of the Boy Captain and the Clyde sailing-ship *Trafalgar*. It is a story that might have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson or Clark Russell, or by both together.

It hardly need be said that the Boy Captain, as we have got to call him, is Mr. William Shotton, the son of a sailor, Captain Stephen Shotton, and a member of a Sunderland family. Among the lanes of Gloucestershire, where Captain Stephen Shotton now has his home, I had a chat with the Boy Captain, one fine afternoon recently. He is a modest, charming lad of eighteen, as natural as a sailor should be, yet capable at a pinch, I should think, of holding his own in the most difficult circumstances.

"Since I came back to the old country I have been having a holiday," he told me, "but I shall be off to sea again by-and-by."



Photo by H. Adolphus Marlee, Sunderland.

THE BOY CAPTAIN.

He might have added that he now carries his certificate as a junior officer, and that the Fates look as if they mean to make him a full-blown skipper before he gets a beard.

"You might tell me, so I may ask one or two questions on them, the main facts of your skipper'ship of the *Trafalgar*."

"Briefly they are these. We were sailing from Batavia for Melbourne in ballast. Captain Edgar died of Java fever while we were lying in Batavia. We left two men ill in hospital, and two had deserted, so we sailed with a crew all told of twenty-three hands. Mr. Roberts, who had been first mate, was now in command; we had got a new first mate, Mr. Norwood; a seaman from the fo'c's'le had been made second mate, and I was ranked third mate."

"And so you put out on Oct. 29 last, I think, for Melbourne?"

"Yes, taking the fever with us, I'm sorry to say. I had been ill of it myself, and suffered a two hours' attack almost every day until we reached Melbourne. But I was spared, although while the attacks were on I really don't think I should have cared how it went with me. Well, first an able seaman died, then Mr. Roberts and the carpenter, then Mr. Norwood, and then the cook. A desolating business it was, and sadly demoralised the crew, especially as they were left with myself—an apprentice just out of his time, a boy—as the only one on board who could navigate."

"But didn't the prospect appear a tremendous-looking one to you?"

"Really, I can't say that I ever thought of that; perhaps because I had not time; perhaps because while Mr. Roberts and Mr. Norwood were lying ill I had already been navigating the ship. You see, the third mate, with whom I took watch and watch about from the time we lost the other officers, could not navigate; but, frankly,

I hadn't any fear about being able to take the *Trafalgar* to Melbourne, and I told the men so. They wanted to make for the nearest port in Australia, but I set my face against that, because it would have involved great expense to the owners. Besides, as I argued with them, if I could navigate the ship to the nearest port in Australia, I could navigate her to Melbourne."

"I believe they didn't work with you just as heartily as they might have done?"

"As I have said, the deaths on board and the position we were left in made the men see things very blackly. It was from that fact that any difficulties I had with them arose, not from a desire, I'm certain, to cause difficulties. Anybody who knows what sailors are will easily understand their fidgetiness and the troubles they made as a result of it. If I had been in the fo'c's'le and seen a lad taking the bearings day after day on the quarter-deck, and had I known that he was the only frail guide on a trackless sea—why, I think I might myself have been a trifle uneasy."

"Positively, if anything had happened to you, this vessel would have been without reckoning or guide—sailing whither, none would have known."

"All the men could have done would have been to take a given direction—the direction of the Australian continent—and bear up for it. Either that, or have trusted to being picked up by a passing ship. In the first case, they must just have run her aground on the first land they touched. It might have been a barren coast hundreds of miles from civilisation. Whatever happened to them, she must have been lost. As to being picked up by another ship—well, the comment on that is that we didn't see one the whole voyage."

"Naturally, only those on board the *Trafalgar* could really recognise all that was meant in your skipper'ship?"

"We had a good bit of rough weather when we got into Australian latitudes; had sails blown away and so on; but got to Melbourne all right, in time for Christmas—on Dec. 17. Immediately they got foot on shore, the men forgot all their troubles, and couldn't say too kind things of me, as, indeed, it has been also with other people since. The whole affair was, no doubt, strange, and may never occur again—anyhow, in my experience. Perhaps it was not without its risks, but if I had set to doubting about the result we might not have got through as we did, you know."

Now, mates all, three cheers, "shipshape and Bristol fashion," for the Boy Captain. Hip—hip—hurrah!

J. M.

THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.

A WOMAN'S LIBRARY.

I do not care so much for books,
But libraries are all the style,
With fine *éditions de luxe*
One's formal callers to beguile;
With neat dwarf cases round the walls,
And china teapots on the top,
The empty shelves concealed by falls
Of India silk that graceful drop.
A few rare etchings greet the view,
Like "Harmony" and "Harvest Moon";
An artist's proof on satin, too,
By what's-his-name is quite a boon.
My print called "Jupiter and Jo"
Is very rarely seen, but then
Another copy I can show
Inscribed with "Jupiter and 10."
A fisher-boy in marble stoops
On pedestal in window placed,
And one of Rogers' lovely groups
Is through the rich lace curtains traced.
And then I make a painting lean
Upon a white and gilded easel,
Illustrating that famous scene
Of Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle.
Of course, my shelves the works reveal
Of Plutarch, Rollin, and of Tupper,
While Bowdler's Shakspeare and "Lucille"
Quite soothe one's spirit after supper.
But when I visited dear Rome
I bought a lot of photographs,
And had them mounted here at home;
And though my dreadful husband laughs,
I've put them in "The Marble Faun,"
And envious women vainly seek
At Scribner's shop, from early dawn,
To find a volume so unique.
Here, once a week, in deep surmise,
Minerva's bust above us frowning,
A club of women analyse
The works of Ibsen and Browning.
IRVING BROWNE, in the *New York Critic*.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Fifteen years ago now, and I remember it as vividly as if it had been only so many months. When I read of myself in the papers, and people speak of me as the successful R.A., who can easily get 500 to 1000 guineas for a portrait, whose works are always hung on the line, and receive great attention at the private views, I go home and shut myself in the studio.

All my success is due to a woman. It is no easy task to rake over the ashes of a fire that has been dead for years, so you must let me tell

the affair in my own way. "Why tell it at all?" you say. Well, I have always meant to do so one day, with an odd idea that Cara would know of it somehow, and would realise that I had never forgotten her. It is only just to acknowledge what she did for me. Sometimes, when I am quite alone and the house is quiet, I have fancied that she was in the room reading my thoughts. But I am wandering.

There were three of us working together. Halliday and I had fraternised in Rome: we picked up Boiloup in the Quartier Latin, and he came with us to London, where we rented a studio in Chelsea. As it was too expensive for one of us, we agreed to share our funds. Boiloup has been living in the Pyrenees for years now, and poor Halliday "went out" with cholera in Vienna last summer, so I am not betraying confidences, nor giving Cara away either.

At twenty-one I had five thousand

pounds; in less than eighteen months barely a hundred remained. Having studied for five years in Paris and Rome, however, I was full of the usual ambition to excel even Zeuxis or Parrhasius in time. The other two being in about the same state, our existence was the usual

reckless, devil-may-care one of young artists in their salad days. After a time, as good models were rather beyond us, and one cannot do much with bad ones, Halliday took to pot-boilers for the dealers, much to our scorn. Boiloup and I held on, determined to get into the Academy.

Four years went by.

One foggy night in November, I was going down Holborn and narrowly escaped being run over by a hansom in crossing Little Queen Street. Someone clutched my arm nervously as I sprang to the pavement from under the horse's nose, and instinctively, feeling it was a woman, I lifted her with me from the road.

"Perdona, Señor! Gracias, gracias."

The voice was weary and faint, but so sweet that I turned to look at its owner. One does not hear music like that in the London streets every day. I could barely distinguish two fine dark eyes and a thin white face, as she held out a few faded chrysanthemums.

"Por amor de Dios, Señor!" The next moment she staggered, and would have fallen if I had not caught her arm.

"You are ill," I said, in the same language. "Do not be afraid—tell me," and I led her inside a shop doorway. She had eaten nothing for two days, it seemed. One had only to look at her to see that it was the truth. She was quite alone in London; her brother Florenzo was dead.

I took her to a quiet place, and ordered some dinner for her and myself. A cup of strong hot coffee brought a little colour to her cheeks, and I was at once struck with her marvellous beauty. Her history was simple. The father had been an Andalusian fisherman: a storm had swept him away one wild night, so she and her brother had come to London to make their fortunes. Florenzo could sing, and play on the mandoline, and for a time he got engagements at some of the inferior music-halls; but he was always delicate, and he had died from inflammation of the lungs, the result of a neglected cold.

That was a month ago now, and she had tried to sell flowers since; only the regular ones in the trade pushed her aside, and the people were too busy to care.

When I told her that she could easily earn a living as a model she clasped her hands, and gave me a look which would have melted the heart of a Stoic. After she had rested, I took her to a respectable lodging-house in Chelsea, and told her to come to the studio at ten the next day. Boiloup and Halliday raved about her at once, but she sat to me first, and I painted her as an Andalusian flower-girl. It sold directly for fifty pounds. She soon got used to sitting, and when one or two had seen her was literally besieged with more engagements than she could possibly fulfil. There was a scarcity of pretty models at the time, and Cara's beauty was so exceptional that even the big men wanted her. The hair was of that rich chesnut hue which in the sunshine has bright golden lights in it. Her eyes were wonderful: the only possible simile I can think of for their colouring is that of old wine, and they were clear and brilliant as stars, shaded by long, thick lashes. The skin was fair, and unusually delicate for a Southerner, with a soft pink flush that deepened with excitement, and which was deliciously intensified by the vivid carmine of the lips and the gleam of her little white teeth.

Her broken English was so enchanting, and she had such pretty ways, that one of the literary men, who frequently picked up some of his material from the studios, made a story about her for one of the magazines, which he called "The Pet of the Painters."

Pet she was, but everyone knew that the slightest insult to her would have been settled by me, and I would have cut my right hand off rather than destroy her confidence. She was innocent of evil as a child, and I took care, as far as lay in my power, that she should remain so.



Cara.

One day Eric Forbes, the R.A., came into the studio. He was doing well as a subject painter, and we were good friends, although he was far above me then in position.

"I'm in the deuce of a temper, Morris," he said. "I want to paint Cara Gonzalez as a dancing girl with short skirts—I know she must have good legs, her feet are so pretty."

"Well?" I said, as he looked at me.

"The little jade refuses. I've done her twice, you know, but in high dresses. She won't wear anything else—for a model it's absolute idiocy. Can't you persuade her?"

"I'll try; but she is very sensitive on the point."

"Hang it! I believe you encourage her. Of course, you can do as you like with the girl."

"No innuendoes," I said quickly. "She's straight as a die, Forbes."

"Anyone can tell that," he nodded kindly. "It's only nonsense, old man."

I never saw anyone so distressed as Cara when I told her. She fell on her knees, sobbing wildly.

"Ah, Señor, por Dios! By all the saints, do not tell me I must. The shame of it would kill me."

I explained to her that it was really nothing more than wearing full evening dress, which most girls carried to a much further extent than she need even. She shook her head.

"The Señor knows that it will be only the beginning," she murmured piteously. "After, they will make me like others. Santa Madre! I would rather die."

What could I do, as she lifted her face to me imploringly, the tears in her lovely eyes making her an exquisite study for a Madonna, but comfort her, and tell her she should have her way? She rose to her feet, and before I could prevent it seized my hand and kissed it with tremulous lips.

"The Señor is vexed," she said in wistful tones as, without further talk, I took up my brushes and went on working.

"No; but, to tell the truth, Cara, I rather wanted to paint you as Juliet, and, you know, it would look nothing unless you were *décolletée*."

She came up to me and stood a moment with her eyes on my face, as I went on painting rapidly at my background.

"The Señor saved my life," she said presently, very softly. "Whatever he wishes, Cara will do only too gladly."

And she slipped out of the room.

My "Juliet" was a great success. Cara was offered the highest sums ever known among models to sit in classic dress even, but neither money nor persuasion could induce her. She yielded to me alone. It was the beginning of February. Boilour had gone to Paris, disgusted with English art and failure of appreciation—with his efforts. Halliday was staying in Wales. He had written me a letter that morning: "Dear Old Man,—I am a 'gone coon' on a girl down here and £60,000. Rising thirty, five feet eleven, scarlet hair, and freckles; adores art—which, with her, means cheap *bric-à-brac*—and is not indifferent to Miles Halliday. She will come in for a Jael or a Clytemnestra very well," and so on. Of the trio, only myself was left, and I was deucedly up a tree.

After spoiling half-a-dozen canvases, I couldn't strike on anything that pleased me for the Academy, and I knew well enough that if this year passed without my exhibiting something really good that one might write "Finis" on my achievements.

There was nothing for it but to make an end of myself. I was in a fit of the "blues," certainly, but I knew that time would make no difference. I should be sorry to leave poor little Cara, for I had grown very fond of her, but what was the use of thinking about it? She was making a very good living, and, with her beauty, was sure to marry.

My last idea—Hero watching for Leander—I kicked savagely to the end of the room. Eric Forbes had told me only that morning that there would be scarcely any nudités this year: even the President had gone in for draped figures.

"If I were a good hand at the nude, I'd have a shot at one, even now," he said, "but I don't want to spoil my reputation, such as it is, and flesh is not my strong point—never was. Why don't you make something out of that obstinate little Gonzalez? I am sure she's beautifully shaped, and her skin is so light. If I were you, Morris, I should box her ears."

"I firmly believe you would," I said, laughing, as he left me.

Then I lit a cigar, and sat down to think, determined, when it was finished, to finish myself. The thing wouldn't draw. Cursing it and my ill-luck together, I flung it into the fire and myself into an arm-chair.

"The Señor is ill; something has vexed him," murmured a soft voice, and there was Cara in the room.

"I did knock twice on the door, and I thought the Señor was out. O Santo Dios!"—she threw herself at my feet as she caught sight of the revolver. "Salvador de mia vida, thou wilt not die," and she began sobbing violently.

"You foolish child! That thing only wanted cleaning."

I put it back in its case. She quieted down in a moment, but I saw by the look in her eyes that she did not believe me.

"Will not the Señor tell Cara?"—in a whisper.

"You can't understand, my child."

"If you will trust me—I have no one but the Señor in all the world. You saved me from the cruel cold and from hunger—an angel from Heaven could not have done more."

"Any other man would have done the same. Listen to me, Cara! I am going to trust you. I have been very unlucky lately; I owe a lot

of money and can't pay it. What I make by my pictures is not enough to do with, and I am at the end of everything."

She was silent for a few minutes, looking round the room: when she saw the "Hero and Leander" on the floor in a corner she started.

"Your picture for the Academy—is it a failure?"

"I detest the thing."

"Are you tired of Cara?"

"My dear child, I've done nothing but you lately."

Her eyes were eagerly fixed on my face: suddenly she flushed hotly, and her head drooped.

"I know," she said under her breath, "I know; Mr. Forbes told me." She hid her face in her hands, but her voice was clear and steady.



I was in a fit of the "blues."

"Cara would die for you, oh! so gladly. But that would be of no use—so—she will do—what you wish. She will be," in the faintest whisper, "what you want."

I sat up, took her in my arms and kissed her for the first time. She trembled convulsively.

"It is too great a sacrifice, dear. Don't look like that. I would end the whole thing a dozen times over sooner than accept it." And I let her go quietly.

She put her arms round my neck and hid her face against mine. It was the first time she had caressed me.

"You will let no one know—never. My life is yours. You do paint the skin so like nature. It may be a great picture."

"Hang it, dear! I won't," I said angrily. "You're an angel;" but she persisted with such loving earnestness, always with her eyes hidden, that—well, I consented at last.

The next morning's post brought me a small thick packet; inside it were banknotes for £120.

When Cara came I went up to her.

"Where is your miniature?"

One day she had taken out of her dress a wonderful old miniature, set round with diamonds and emeralds, which, I saw at once, were of great value. Her grandfather had found it in the hand of a dead man, whose body had been washed ashore one stormy night. No trace of any wreck had been found, and his identity was never discovered. Cara wore it round her throat, suspended from a ribbon hidden under her dress. Her mother had made her promise never to part with it.

She broke away from me petulantly.

"It is lost! I hated it, and I am glad—very glad. Will the Señor begin the painting now?"—removing some of her things with trembling fingers.

"Come here, my child, and tell me where you sold it."

She put her fingers in her ears and shook her head; then, as I waited, came and laid her hands timidly on my arm, tears coming into her beautiful eyes.

"Dear Señor, do not be angry. I have no one to care for but you. When you are tired of me I will go away. Your anger kills me. Lord of my life, do not question me further. Will you not think of—the—

other?" flushing so scarlet that I stooped and kissed the dear little thing, schooling myself to speak and to act very quietly, with my years of seniority well asserted.

I painted her as Astarte rising from the moon, with the minor planets in the background. It was accepted, hung in a prominent position, and the President himself wrote to congratulate me. The critics pronounced it the picture of the year; it brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and more orders than I could execute in a couple of years.

After the last sitting, I asked Cara to be my wife.

She stared at me in wonderment.

"The Señor would marry me, a poor girl from the streets? Ah, what nobility!"

"A funny child you are," I said, laughing. "The nobility is on your side, dear, not mine. I can never repay you, *Cara mia!* I feel as if I had behaved like a blackguard as it is. Darling, when will you marry me?"

She left my side, went to the mantelpiece, and returned with a photograph in her hand of an ordinary-looking English girl with rather nice eyes.

"The Señor forgets that," she said quietly, putting it into my hands. "He has promised to marry her; she is a lady in his own rank of life, and will not disgrace him. Cara knows nothing, and could never become a lady—"

"Who told you this?" I asked savagely.

"Mr. Halliday. I did ask him one day who she was."

"Look here, dear," putting both hands on her shoulders, and lifting her face to mine, "I was staying with her people a long time ago—before I knew you—and her brother shot me in the arm—by accident, of course. For three weeks she nursed me devotedly, and—it was the least thing I could do, she was kind enough to say she cared—so we knocked up a kind of engagement. But her people would not allow anything definite until I had some sort of position to offer her."

"But the Señor promised to marry her—and—she loves him."

"I haven't seen her for six months, and we scarcely ever write. My dear child, I have no doubt she has forgotten me long ago."

"Not so," she said gently; "the Señor is not one to be forgotten. I am not fit to be his wife, and I love him too well to be a burden to him."

I reasoned with her, coaxed, petted, and scolded, but she would make no other answer.

"You are naughty, little one," I said, giving her a slight shake, and then kissing her. "You do not care, then, if I am miserable? Don't you understand that I love you, my child, and I want you, and no one else, for my wife? Come to me to-morrow, and tell me you are sorry. I will get a special license, and we will be off to Monte Carlo for a fortnight."

She lifted her eyes, and I drank in their sweetness with almost fresh knowledge of their fascination.

But she did not come the next day, and I sent to her lodgings. They brought me back tidings that she was gone. There was no note—I remembered that she could not write. It took me six weeks to trace her, she had vanished so completely, but at last I found her in Rome, ill with malaria fever. Two days afterwards she died in my arms.

When I got back to London there was a letter from Scotland. My precarious engagement was ended, the lady having decided to marry a rich old pickle-merchant or soap-boiler, I forget which, but I sent her a wedding present.

A full-length portrait of Cara hangs in my library, and the painting of her as Astarte (which I bought from the owner in after years for five thousand pounds) in my studio. I had an exquisite miniature done, which I always carry about with me. There was great lamentation among all who had known her, for, although the face of my Astarte was purposely altered, so that Cara's identity with it might not be discovered, yet Eric Forbes guessed from the first, and the secret leaked out by degrees.

Well, no one has ever taken her place with me, or ever will. I have never had a model that was fit to tie her shoe-strings, heard a voice so sweet, nor seen such wondrous beauty as hers in all my rambles through Spain and Italy since.

MR. WILSON BARRETT AS A DRAMATIST.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's stage version of Mr. Hall Caine's fine novel, "The Manxman," successfully produced at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on Aug. 22, is by no means the first dramatic work in which Mr. Barrett has been concerned, either single-handed or in collaboration. An earlier story of Mr. Caine's, "The Deemster," dramatised by author and actor under the title of "Ben My Chree," was produced in May, 1888, Mr. Barrett appearing in the rôle of Dan Mylrea. John Langley was the character assumed by the actor-manager in "The Good Old Times," also the joint work of Mr. Caine and himself, which dates from February, 1889; while there has been talk as well of a dramatisation of "The Bondman." In his earlier days at the Princess's, Mr. Barrett collaborated with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in "Hoodman Blind" (August, 1885) and "The Lord Harry" (February, 1886), filling in these the parts of Jack Joulett and Lord Harry Beandish respectively. The fruit of his collaboration with Mr. George R. Sims was "The Golden Ladder," brought out at the Globe in December, 1887, with Mr. Barrett as the Rev. Frank Thornhill; and other plays in which he had a hand in were a racing drama, "Nowadays" (Princess's, February, 1889), "The People's Idol" (Globe, December, 1890), and "Our Pleasant Sins." Like the last-mentioned, Mr. Barrett's own Egyptian play, "Pharaoh" (Leeds, Sept. 29, 1892), has not yet been seen in London.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS.

Sydney playgoers are rejoicing in the success of Miss Hilda Spong, one of the youngest and most graceful actresses on the Australian stage. She is the daughter of Mr. W. B. Spong, the well-known scene-painter, and was born in London in 1875. From childhood, Miss Spong had a taste for reciting, which was encouraged by the theatrical atmosphere



Photo from the Crown Studios, Sydney.

MISS SPONG AS ROSALIND.

by which she was surrounded by reason of her father's occupation; but after her arrival in Australia in 1889 she declared her wish to go on the stage. Her parents, who were familiar with the vicissitudes of theatrical life, naturally objected. At last, however, they gave way, and Miss Spong made her first appearance in 1890, as a member of Messrs. Brough and Boucicault's company in "Joseph's Sweetheart." Her youth and freshness of style produced a good impression; but after playing for about six weeks she retired for a year, with a view to preparing herself for the stage as a profession. In 1891 she rejoined Messrs. Brough and Boucicault, the latter giving her every encouragement, and afterwards, in July, 1892, she was engaged by Mr. George Rignold to take the part of Titania in his beautiful rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Melbourne, where she speedily became a great favourite, repeating her triumph in Sydney when the comedy was reproduced in that city. She has played in several pieces under the management of Mr. George Rignold, and was one of the company formed by Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove to support Mr. Edward Terry during his Australian tour. Recently she has appeared as Rosalind at the Criterion Theatre, Sydney, in which part she has repeated the success achieved by her in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Miss Spong is wrapped up in the stage, and her great desire is to win a name in London, and then return to Australia. She confesses to being terribly nervous, also to being always frightened lest her pathos should be laughed at, although there is not the least ground for any misgiving on her part. "Stage tears," she added, "are horribly hard to manage. One must not cry, however one may really wish to, for the sake of one's 'make-up,' and emotion has to be confined to the voice. Stage kisses are another infliction. It is so easy to make them ludicrous, and a slip in that sort of thing is fatal."

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated-London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



1. "What! Mr. Caudle? What rigging am I putting on? Mind your own business, Sir. Other men while they are shaving leave their wives to their toilette."



2. "Making an exhibition of myself? Quite ridiculous? Pray, Mr. Caudle, what should you know about it? One would think you would be delighted to see your wife in anything that would give grace and dignity to her appearance."



3. "Impossible to walk with me, and in danger of being thrown down? Nonsense, Mr. Caudle; it is you, Sir, who are so excessively awkward."



4. "What! Mr. Caudle? My dress prevents my taking the children out for a walk? What do you call this, I should like to know?"



5. "Why do you tease me by saying, 'You can't come near me without bruising yourself, that I'm all bone and steel'? Mr. Caudle, you are a monster to say so, and I'll not endure it."



6. "My dress takes up all the chairs in the room? Well, Mr. Caudle, after that you'll say anything. It's not half so large as Miss Sweepem-Downs'."



7. "Like to know where you are to sit? Well, that's like you, Mr. Caudle, just as if there wasn't plenty of room."



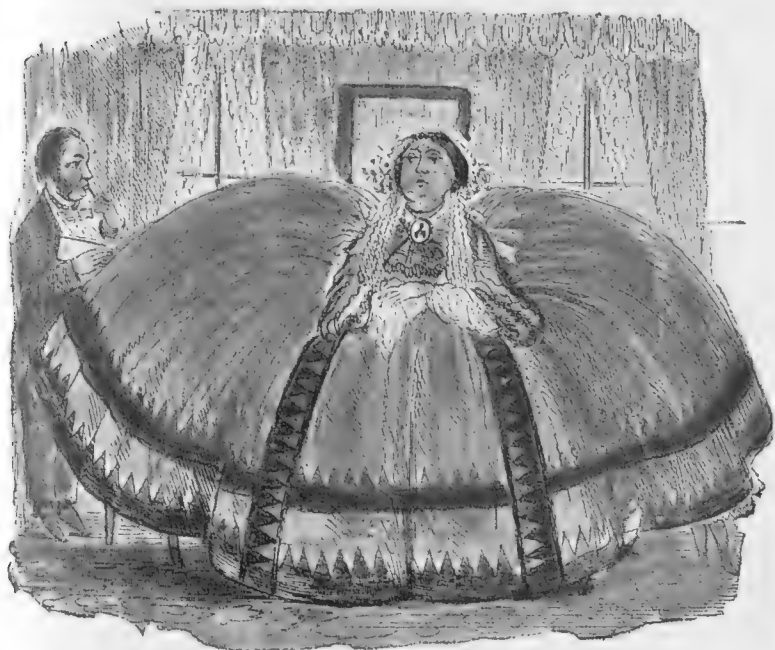
8. "Can't ride in an omnibus? No, Sir, I know I can't. How is it possible when they make the entrance so narrow?"



9. "I turn myself into a scavenger and sweep the streets? Mr. Caudle, you are insulting."



10. "If this goes on, you must really send for the masons and carpenters, and have all the rooms, doors, and staircases widened?"—"You had better, Sir."



11. "What! Mr. Caudle? I get out of all reasonable compass? You'll write 'A Tour Round Your Wife'? Don't be ridiculous, Sir; it is you who are unreasonable."



12. "You talk of separation from your wife; your life is miserable? Then I'll drop the crinoline, return to your bosom, Caudle, and be again nearer—and dearer!"

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

FROM MY EMANCIPATED AUNT IN TOWN.

XXVII.—MR. LASCELLES CARR AND THE "WESTERN MAIL."

There is a good deal talked about the Church and the Stage, but no one has yet come forward to show the affinity which exists between the Church and the Press. That relationship is close and unique. If a census were taken, it would be found that half the editors of England had qualified for ordination, and that half the reporters had at some time or other aspired to show men the way to Heaven. But somehow these men never crossed the frontier which divides the Press from the pastorate.

Mr. Lascelles Carr, the editor and part proprietor of the *Western Mail*, belongs to the former class. As the son of a Wesleyan minister, he received an educational preparation for a holy life. Journalism, however, claimed him just as he was about to cross the threshold. While at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, he wrote sketches as well as sermons, and some of the former came under the critical eyes of the then editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*. At his invitation, Mr. Lascelles Carr joined that paper, and obtained his first glimpse into the mysteries of journalism.

The journalist of the present day is a nomadic creature. He moves from one place to another in the hope that each change will be towards



Photo by Goldie Brothers, Cardiff.

MR. LASCELLES CARR.

higher things. Mr. Lascelles Carr belongs to a more contented race. He left Liverpool in 1869 to take charge of the news department of the *Western Mail* at Cardiff, and with that paper he has ever since been identified.

As an all-round journalist, Mr. Lascelles Carr has few equals. He is something of a lawyer as well. He knows almost as much about the law of libel as Dr. Blake Odgers himself. He has threaded its tortuous paths and tried to pierce its Cimmerian obscurities. He has found what the law is—to his cost, and now he is trying to discover the equity which is said to accompany it. Latest accounts say that he is still looking for it.

A trial for libel, however, is a cheerful inquisition compared to a trial which Mr. Lascelles Carr had to bear the other day. A fire broke out and reduced the *Western Mail* buildings to ashes. All the plant and machinery were destroyed; but, with a courage and ingenuity seldom surpassed, the paper actually appeared the next morning with a full account of the catastrophe. It was produced at an extemporised office twelve miles from the scene of the fire. Nero fiddling while Rome burned was nothing compared to the spectacle of the editor of the *Western Mail* calmly writing the obituary of his own doomed buildings.

In the town of his adoption Mr. Lascelles Carr is a well-known figure. As a citizen of a rising city he takes his full share of municipal responsibility. For some time he served in the local parliament, but latterly his public work has been more in accord with his inclinations. He has no ambition to edit the *Times* or to catch the Speaker's eye. On more than one occasion he has been invited to occupy a seat at St. Stephen's, but he prefers the turmoil of journalism to the turbulence of Parliament.

All has befallen as I say,
The old *régime* has passed away,
And quite a new one

Is being fashioned in a fire,
The fervours of whose burning tire
And quite undo one.

The fairy prince has passed from sight
Away into the *Ewigkeit*:
With best intention,

I served him, as you know, my dears,
Unflinching through more years
Than ladies mention.

And though the fairy prince has gone,
With all the props I leaned upon,
And I am stranded,

With old ideals blown away,
And all opinions, in the fray,
Long since disbanded,

And though he's only left to me,
Of course, quite inadvertently,
The faintest glimmer

Of humour to illumine my way,
I'm thankful he has had his day,
His shine and shimmer.

Le Roi est mort—but what's to come?
Surcharged the air is with the hum
Of startling changes.

And our great question is, perforce,
The vital one—o'er what a course
It boldly ranges!

Strange gentlemen to me express
At quiet "At Homes" their willingness
To ease our fetters;

And ladies, in a fleeting car,
Will tell me that the moderns are
My moral betters.

My knees, I know, are much too weak
To mount the high and shaky peak
Of latest ethics.

I'm tabulated, and I stand,
By evolution, in a band
Of poor pathetics,

Who cannot go alone, who cling
To many a worn-out tottering thing
Of a convention,

To many a prejudice and hope,
And to the old proverbial rope
Of long dimension.

It is to you to whom I look
To beautify our history book
For coming readers.

To you, my nieces, who must face
Our right and wrong, and take your place
As future leaders.

And I, meanwhile, shall still pursue
All that is weird and strange and new
In song and ballet,

In lecture, drama, verse and prose;
With every cult that comes and goes,
Your aunt will dally.

A microscopic analyst
Of female hearts, she will subsist
On queerest notions,

And subtlest views of maid and wife,
Ever engaged in deadly strife
With the emotions.

But while you walk, and smile at her,
In quiet lanes, which you prefer
To public meetings,

Remember she prepares your way
With many another aunt to-day,
And send her greetings.

DOLLIE RADFORD.



MISS ST. CYR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, CHEAPSIDE.

AT THE MUSÉE STERRY.

Somebody, somewhere or other, once pointed out that not the least of Mr. Du Maurier's achievements was his successful advocacy of the claims of the black-silk stocking.

One shudders at the thought that in the terrible forties, fifties, and sixties white stockings—yes, even wrinkled white stockings—were rampant.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry has rendered yet more signal service to the times in which we live. Many years ago he succeeded in killing, once and for all, the tubular abominations that encircled the white stockings and obtruded themselves in fashion so hideous as to render the contemplation of pictures of *demoiselles* in the early and middle Victorian issues of *Punch* a source of downright prostration to the man of sensitive fibre.

Now that the thing has been accomplished, it may not seem so great a reform, after all. But it required well-nigh a thousand pictures in *Punch* to transform the stocking, and almost as many of Mr. Ashby-Sterry's verses to establish the pantalette.

When I rapped upon the always-sported oak of Mr. Ashby-Sterry's rooms in St. Martin's Chambers, with a view to the placing on record the history of his movement, I found the "Lazy Minstrel" strangely silent on the subject. One has heard of, if one has not encountered, authors who do not speak of their books, and even of politicians who will not talk shop outside the Lobby. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is evidently one of those who content themselves with inward contemplation of their triumphs. Here and there, upon the walls of his interesting chambers, will be found photographs and idealisations of his "curly-headed, dimple-cheeked, short-petticoated, black-stockinged, snowy-frilled girlette," and beside them, on the "before-using—after-using" principle, perhaps, some of Leech's original sketches.

The Musée Sterry is one of the most reminiscent of the few remaining links between the Charles Dickens, Albert Smith, and Edmund Yates coterie and the up-to-date journalism of to-day. The "Lazy Minstrel" is not the languishing Lothario of six-and-twenty one would expect. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is not young, but he is certainly not old. He is in what may be termed the Uncle stage, and is a bachelor. He is the fairy godfather of innumerable dainty little nieces, whose pretty portraits are everywhere about him as he works. One more than usually sweet face is that of the daughter of his old friend Dutton Cook, attired strictly after his manner and that of Mr. Du Maurier. The "Lazy Minstrel" himself, as you see, looks more military than literary. He leads the pleasantest of lives. When he is not at Christie's or Sotheby's adding to his possessions, he is first-nighting or busy with a verse, a novel, or a review. And very often he is on board a neat little craft of his own that lies waiting for him in the upper reaches of the Thames. Occasionally he paints, and a portrait of his, made at the age of eighteen, was "discovered" by Mr. Whistler, and re-exhibited at the master's particular request.

I was discussing the portrait with one who has more than a passing acquaintance with him, and was met with the remark—

"Ashby-Sterry paint! I thought his pet weakness was musical composition."

As a matter of fact, he paints and writes, and composes, too, and more diligently, if possible, than any of them, he collects. Not the least of his acquisitions is the newest, Charles Dickens's despatch-box. With the single exception of the famous desk upon which, up to the end, Edmund Yates worked, Mr. Ashby-Sterry's find is, without doubt, the most interesting personal relic of Dickens in existence. The travel-worn box and the faithful Dolbey accompanied "Boz" on that last tour through the dreary wilds of the United States. When the little company was leaving "Bawston," a baggage-smasher let the case tumble to the ground, as was recounted in one of the letters home.—It bears the marks to this day, with the original railroad labels.

"I have one or two pictures of interest apart from their artistic merit," remarks the Minstrel, as we make the tour of his chamber. "That," pointing to a handsome lad in Scotch costume, "is Millais; as

a boy, from a portrait by J. R. Phillip." Sir John is only a big boy now, as his friends are aware. He was a remarkably good-looking youth, and the bonnet and kilt show that he favoured the far side of the Tweed even then.

An unusually good photograph of the late Charles Keene is side by side with a clever sketch of that ingenious eccentric. Was ever man so strangely clad? The photographer shows him looking like Mr. Keir Hardie on a Bank Holiday, plus one of those small Carolus pipes beloved to the tune of forty each day by Hobbes of Malmesbury. The sketch is of Keene dressed to kill: a marvellous conception, made up of a tall hat like the top section of the Watkin Tower; item, a short, collarless coat; item, the garment upon which the aspirations of the Pioneers appear to be focussed, so worn as to display a marked hiatus between their lower extremities and the ankle jack-boots. "Keene's crowning eccentricity was the considerable fortune he accumulated," remarks Mr. Ashby-Sterry.

It is in accordance with the general unfitness of things nowadays that the "Lazy Minstrel" should be one of the most industrious of journalists.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry has another novel on the stocks. His "Naughty Girl," like most of her kind, has proved vastly attractive, and the publishers have been clambering up his staircase two abreast.

"You are not going to say good-bye to those drowsy and dreamy idylls of the Thames, I trust, Mr. Sterry?"

But there is no fear on that score, for on the great desk in the window is a fragment upon which the "Lazy Minstrel" had been at work at the moment of my coming. By its side is a letter in familiar blue ink, signed with the familiar "E. Y." that will no more cheer the vast private circle who were the favoured recipients of poor Edmund Yates's epistolary chuckles. It was the last letter from that facile pen, and it ran—

No, my dear Joe! "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," as applied to a four-wheel cab, is my joke. It is to be found in one of the early numbers of the *Month*, edited by Albert, and was one of my earliest appearances in print. I am wonderfully well here, doing a very mild cure, in company with many of our common and uncommon friends.—E. Y.

Mr. Sterry had quoted the above lines in the connection referred to in "The Bystander," and erroneously attributed them to Albert Smith.

We youngsters know very little of the Albert Smith days and the famous ascent of Mont Blanc. As for "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," I protest I cannot read them, though they tickled our fathers mightily. Hanging up in Mr. Ashby-Sterry's rooms are two objects that must have been great centres of attraction in the

old days at the Egyptian Hall, the certificate of the ascent and the tin fiddle which was considered so prodigious a piece of humour in the entertainment.

In these typewriting, syndicated, ten-pounds-a-thousand-words days, we new men imagine ourselves to be amazingly industrious. Yet, when I look at the formidable array of book-covers that enshrine Mr. Ashby-Sterry's work, I begin to wonder whether our activity is quite equal to that of those who loved nothing better than the soft squeak of a good grey quill. Not many of us are doing more work than those of the Old Brigade who are in our midst. Mr. Ashby-Sterry finds time to write novels, to criticise for the *Daily Graphic*, to stand at the foot of a particularly well-chiselled column in the weekly *Graphic*, to leaven a little of the whole of literary New York by his contributions to the *Book-Buyer*, to tell the readers of *Punch* all about the "pouting pets and their pantalettes," and in his spare moments he collects Wilkes, teapots (there is but one in the world), historical walking-sticks, Dickens mementoes, and amusing anecdotes. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

An authority on French criminal statistics has been giving some disquieting information. From the result of his investigations he is able to show that in France the author of a crime remains unknown 63 times out of 100, and that this proportion becomes still larger in serious cases of robbery with aggravating circumstances, the figure then going up to 90. French women, however, may take heart of grace, inasmuch as they commit but a sixth of the offences perpetrated by their husbands, brothers, and other male relatives.



MR. ASHBY-STERRY.

Photo by Russeil, Baker Street, W.

THE FUTURE OF FLYING.

The accident which happened to Mr. Hiram S. Maxim's flying machine on the third experiment of working it, instead of spelling failure, gave the amplest proofs that man's flight must yet become a *fait accompli*.

But let us get aboard the machine, now restored to its warehouse in the colossal shed in the grounds of Baldwyn's Park, at Bexley. We are standing on the open batten woodwork of the deck of the flat-bottomed hull, composed of a steel frame covered with canvas and about 40 ft. long. High above our heads is the great *aéroplane* of 2000 sq. ft., held up by slender but strong supports, and rigged with strong wires. On each side are five narrower and parallel spreads of canvas, for Mr. Maxim is an advocate of both narrow and wide *aéroplanes*, as combining the advantages of effectiveness with those of greater safety. Fore and aft are somewhat similar sails, controlling the pitch of the machine when it may be aloft. Two immense screws, of 17 ft. 10 in. diameter, made of hardened wood, and rendered more durable by being clothed with canvas, are worked by a compound condensing engine of the lightest construction consistently with safety, and capable of working up to 300-horse power.



THE MAXIM FLYING MACHINE.

These engines are worked by steam generated in a boiler made up of many fine tubes, through which a forced circulation is set up. Only 600 lb. of water is carried on board, for the condensation of the exhaust steam is produced atmospherically by being carried up the tubular supports of the great *aéroplane* to the copper condensers, like the slats of a Venetian blind, which line the borders of the *aéroplane*. The boiler is wedge-shaped, the thin edge upwards, and is heated by a gridiron of 7000 jets of naphtha, fabricated on board. Dials to left and right of you indicate the speed of the engines, the pressure of steam, the rate of progression, the height of ascent; and there are many automatic arrangements which regulate the supply of gas, the angle of the sail-like rudder, and other details. From stem to stern, so to speak, the apparatus measures 140 ft., and laterally 110 ft., while its weight is 7000 lb. Of course, this is a very popular description of this *fin-de-siècle* invention. The theory of its construction is based on the familiar kite of the schoolboy and the flight of a bird. The boy arranges his string on the kite so that on his running the plane of the kite is brought violently against the wind at a certain angle, and it ascends; while with the bird, although its weight is far greater than the volume of air it displaces, it exerts an ascensional direction by its wing power—in short, flight is a struggle between power assisted by *aéroplanes* as against weight.

According to the eminent authority of Lord Rayleigh, expressed before the British Association at the recent Oxford meeting, Mr. Maxim has solved three of the five problems connected with aerial flight, those remaining being the difficulty of steering and of landing. Taking the

last first, Mr. Maxim is of opinion that should an accident happen to his machinery in mid-air, after the first drop of 9 ft. his *aéroplanes* are sufficiently extensive to turn his apparatus into a kind of parachute; and as to steering, he remarked to me, "I hope to make a machine so nicely balanced that it will steer at once; but I confess that at first it would be a matter of chance whether it pitched by the bow or the stern, while the steersman might require a special education." Thus, I fear that Baldwyn's Park, with its big trees, is not a sufficiently open track for exhaustive experiments."

Then I interrogated him with reference to his recent experiment, in which his machine had come to grief.

"Your readers won't care for scientific *minutiae* I expect, but, generally, I may tell them that I was more than satisfied. As you may know, the four wheels of my machine run on a line of rails, being driven along by the propulsion of the screws. This is to obtain the initial velocity incident to ascension. But besides these wheels there are at present four others outriggered, and placed purposely to come in contact with a line of planking fixed at a slight elevation above that of the railway track. Now, when the machine raises its own weight and rises off the ground, these outriggered wheels, coming in contact with the lines of

planking, should, at my recent experiment, have controlled the machine, but so potent was the ascensional power that they broke through the 3 in. by 9 in. Georgia pine plank, which, in its fractured condition, coming into contact with the outside frame of the machine, so far injured it as to suggest the shutting off of the steam, which brought the apparatus to the ground. To demonstrate the amount of lifting power, I may mention that the axle-trees of the hind wheels were bent to nearly 45 degrees."

"That was most satisfactory. What deductions do you make?"

"Well, the general area of the *aéroplanes* was nearly 4000 sq. ft., and the total amount lifted with myself and three assistants on board was fully 10,000 lb. The planes, therefore, lifted 2.5 lb. per square foot, and 5 lb. for each pound thrust. Now, this experiment leads me to believe that I can get 100 lb. lifted for every pound thrust, and with lighter engines, instead of wasting 150-horse power in screw slip, I need only lose 75-horse power; while, instead of travelling at 40 miles an hour, I see no reason for not attaining to 55 miles."

"Have you other evidence of the ascension of your machine?"

"Certainly, seeing that the edges of the outriggered wheels were freshly painted, and that they left a coloured trace of their impact on the line of planking distinctly. In future I shall have the diameter of the screws at least 22 ft. and the framework lightened. These alterations would admit of the cylinders being made with a longer stroke, thereby increasing the thrust and the speed, which, again, give facilities to placing the *aéroplanes* at a much less angle. Then the lifting power would be so much increased as to admit of 5000 lb. weight of fuel being carried."—x.

THE "JAP" AT HOME.



A JAPANESE PROMENADE.



JAPANESE LADIES LEAVING HOME.

THE "JAP" AT HOME.



HOW "JAPS" SLEEP.



IDOLS IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, KIOTO.

A STROLL THROUGH JAMRACH'S.

Down East, past the Tower, the Mint, and many huge warehouses, you enter St. George's Street, where Mr. Jamrach's live-stock establishment is located. It is in close proximity to St. Katharine's and the London Docks, and so is suitably placed, as it is from the captains and sailors



Photo by Barnes and Son, Mile-End Road, E.
THE LATE CHARLES JAMRACH.

of foreign vessels that Mr. Jamrach purchases a great number of his living wares.

"Well, Mr. Jamrach, I've not come to purchase either an elephant or a mermaid," I remarked to the proprietor, who had come out of his office behind the front store, filled with cages containing ornithological specimens from all parts, to meet me.

"And I couldn't have supplied you if you had, for since the increased number of maritime trade routes not many elephants come to London; but are taken direct from Ceylon to New York, and, generally, I may say that there is no longer the trade here in wild animals that there used to be when London was the distributing port to almost all parts of the world."

"And, possibly, you have run out of mermaids?" I suggested jokingly, but, to my astonishment, he replied—

"We used to keep them when they fetched £4 a-piece, but now we can't get more than £1 for them. Frank Buckland burst up the trade when he exposed the method of their manufacture by the Japanese from a fish and a monkey-skin cleverly united; so we no longer make them a 'leading article,'" he smilingly added.

"The Japanese are remarkably ingenious."

"Not only that, but they possess infinite patience. The telescope fish is a case in point. It is a fish of immense length, with a double, fan-like tail, and produced by breeding on the principle of artificial selection. However, they are quite common in Germany now."

"And do you know how they get white Java sparrows?"

"They select a pair of greyish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, and they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. They breed the domestic cock with enormously long tails after the same principle. They first select a bird with a good tail, giving him a very high perch to stand on; then with weights they drag the tail downwards, carrying on the same system with the finest specimens of his descendants till a tail almost as long as a peacock's is produced at last. And how marvellous they are in the fertilisation of plants! Did you ever see one of their dwarf trees, perhaps fifty years old, and yet not more than an inch or two high?"

"Now tell me what have we around us in these cages, Mr. Jamrach. Point out the plumaged celebrities, please."

"Well, this Praslin paroquet from Madagascar is rare, and no doubt you'll admire this beautiful bronze-winged pigeon from Australia. That Australian chough from Adelaide is rather scarce; so are these piebald jays from Brazil. A beautiful songster is yonder spectacled thrush from Siam, and that little mynah is a representative of the breed the natives of India teach to repeat their prayers for them." And as we chatted over this amusing fact a whole cage of laughing jackasses insisted on sharing in our mirth.

"And what is this little black bird, with the prismatic colours on its feathers?"

"That's a green glossy starling. Look here, Charlie; take out the red-crested Malacca parrot, and show the gentleman."

So forthwith Mr. Charles Darge plunged a bare arm into the cage, and, in spite of the most malicious bites, brought out a splendid cockatoo.

"And you don't mind being bitten?" I remarked, addressing the man.

"Well, I've been too many years with the animals to mind a pinch or two; besides, my flesh never festers," he replied with a grin.

"And you, Mr. Jamrach?"

"No; I have not come to much harm. Perhaps the worst bite I ever got was in the hand from a snake, an anaconda. The fang remained buried in my hand quite eighteen months, when it worked itself out. No, we don't do much in snakes. There's too great a glut in the market. They don't fetch an eighth of the price they used to; besides, the poisonous ones are nasty things to deal in. How do they remove the venom fangs? Why, they insert a stick covered with red flannel, and when the beast bites it, burying its fangs in the wood,

these are broken off with a slight wrench. Now we will move on to the curio room, after you've looked at these monkeys and lemurs."

In the curio room there was such a miscellany of carved ivories, bronzes, china, shells, idols, stone implements, native weapons, &c., that no attempt at enumeration could be made. However, mention of seventeen exquisitely beautiful Japanese figures, denoting the Trades and the Muses, must not be omitted, especially as they possessed the peculiarity that the heads, bodies, and limbs represented various animals, most ingeniously designed. Then there was a fine wood-carving, illustrating the legend of the philosopher who, having acquired the faculty of separating his spirit from his body, permitted it to wander so far that it completely lost trace of its original tenement, but at length, effected reincarnation by entering the body of a cripple beggar it chanced to find in a ditch. But still more interesting is the black stone figure of Krishna, discovered in the bed of a river in India, where it had been hidden at the time of one of the Mohammedan invasions to save the god's nose from the mutilation to which it would inevitably have been subjected. But as time was speeding onwards we left this interesting collection, well worth a week's examination, to visit the carnivora and other quadrupeds, which are kept in a separate building. On the way thither I begged some account of the origin of the firm.

"My grandfather really started the business in this way. Being Harbour Commander in Hamburg, his duties frequently took him on board ships entering the port, and so numerous opportunities arose of making purchases from the captains and sailors of animals, curios, and shells. These my grandfather used to traffic away, in Russia especially, sending my late father, Charles Jamrach—who died, you may remember, eighteen months ago—on such commissions. On one occasion business brought my father to London, and, finding the enormous number of ships trading with the Port of London, he established himself here as an agent for my grandfather. But trade is not what it was then. There are not nearly so many collectors now: excellent prices used to be obtained, for instance, in shells, in which my father was a great connoisseur."

By this we had arrived at the dépôt of wild animals and of large birds of various kinds, confined in rough wooden cages, lining the walls and filling up a good deal of the central area of the room. A large goat, the aoudad of the Atlas Mountains, now shedding its coat, first attracted my attention; then came a Manchuria deer, which Mr. Jamrach suggested would make a fine cross with our red deer. This one was in the "velvet" stage, which gave occasion to my conductor to explain that deer differ from antelopes in that the latter do not shed their horns. Presently I came on cages of emus, some great American herons, and a few South American buzzards, great eagle owls, and crested screamers, with a sharp spur on the head of each wing, from Buenos Ayres. Quite a colony of deer succeeded, and I noticed especially a Persian and a Dorcas gazelle, with a pair of Chinese roe deer.

"Occasionally, I suppose, you receive very rare specimens?"

"Oh, yes, and very lately a young deer, without horns, was sent to me which I was convinced was quite unique, but Dr. Bartlett assured me that it was only an ordinary sambur deer from India." I was inclined to think it might be a very dark Père David deer, which also has a tail like a horse, and which was first seen over a wall in the Emperor of China's park. But mine was darker than that variety. I sent it to Professor Milne Edwards, of Paris, and he has purchased it for £40, and declares it a new species. I am sorry it has gone out of the country; unfortunately, our own Zoological Gardens Society have no great spirit of enterprise. Recently I sold a pair of Brahmin cattle to a landed proprietor for £200. That is a rock kangaroo, which will easily leap 20 ft. high. This one is the red kangaroo—that is, one of the fighting sort that they have at the Aquarium.

Ascending to a higher floor, we arrived at the pumas, leopards, &c.

"I am doing a brisk trade in pumas. I sent six away last month to India, as the natives make a lot of money by exhibiting the large cat capable of killing the giant coypu rat. Yes, that's a leopard, and here's a black jackal from the Cape, and that is a hyena. Those are chow-chow dogs, the ones they eat in China."

During our conversation several telegrams arrived, and the last summoned Mr. Albert Jamrach to Tring to see Mr. Walter Rothschild that evening; so I took my departure.



Photo by C. Fröhlich, Antwerp.

MR. ALBERT E. JAMRACH.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries are at present made interesting by a collection of Venetian water-colours. Venice, in all conscience, has been exploited often enough, one would be disposed to imagine; nevertheless, the present collection is a pleasant and engrossing one. It is an example, for the most part, of Venice in undress. Canaletto himself, exquisite as were both his eye and his accomplishment for delicate and shining colour, took quite the attitude of the man posing Venice for posterity. The artists who are at present represented in Bond Street take the daily, prosaic views of inhabitants. Such artists as Prosdociani paint the casual Venice as it might be supposed to be captured on the wing; their models are engaged in actual action, not in an action that is imposed and made for them. It would be impossible to conclude from this that theirs was necessarily the better way; but it is a way, a new way, and it is therefore worth consideration.

Mr. Hume Swaine is, in the triple capacity of artist, etcher, and publisher, issuing a capital book entitled "An Artist's Rambles Round About Swanage." Mr. Swaine has had an intimate acquaintance with this delightful place, and he has selected with admirable judgment the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. One of the best sketches in the book (which is published at 39, Pelham Street, South Kensington) is a view of Swanage High Street. In the picture of the Pinnacle and Turf Rick Rocks Mr. Swaine has managed to invest the scene with a clever effect of sunshine.

The *Century's* American artist series this month deals with Miss Cecilia Beaux, whose charming picture, entitled "Revery," of a young girl, leaning back in an arm-chair, her thoughts in dreamland, forms the frontispiece of the number. Miss Beaux was born in Philadelphia, and learned the characteristic part of her art in Paris under various masters.

The best article in the number from the illustrator's point of view describes a jaunt into Corsica, with illustrations from Nature by A. Castaigne. Very striking is the picture of sunrise in the Corsican mountains. Ajaccio, the capital of the island, is still full of interest. In the short, narrow Place Letizia still stands the "four-storey yellowish-grey house" where Napoleon was born. Opposite the house is a small park or garden, to one side of which is attached the dwelling in which lives a *conciërge*, who has charge of the celebrated house, and it is from this point that the artist has made the sketch which we reproduce here. The camera, so despised by some artists, is used with effect by Mr. Allen and Mr. Sachtleben, who continue their article, "Across Asia on a Bicycle." Charmingly illustrated is a sketch of school excursions in Germany.



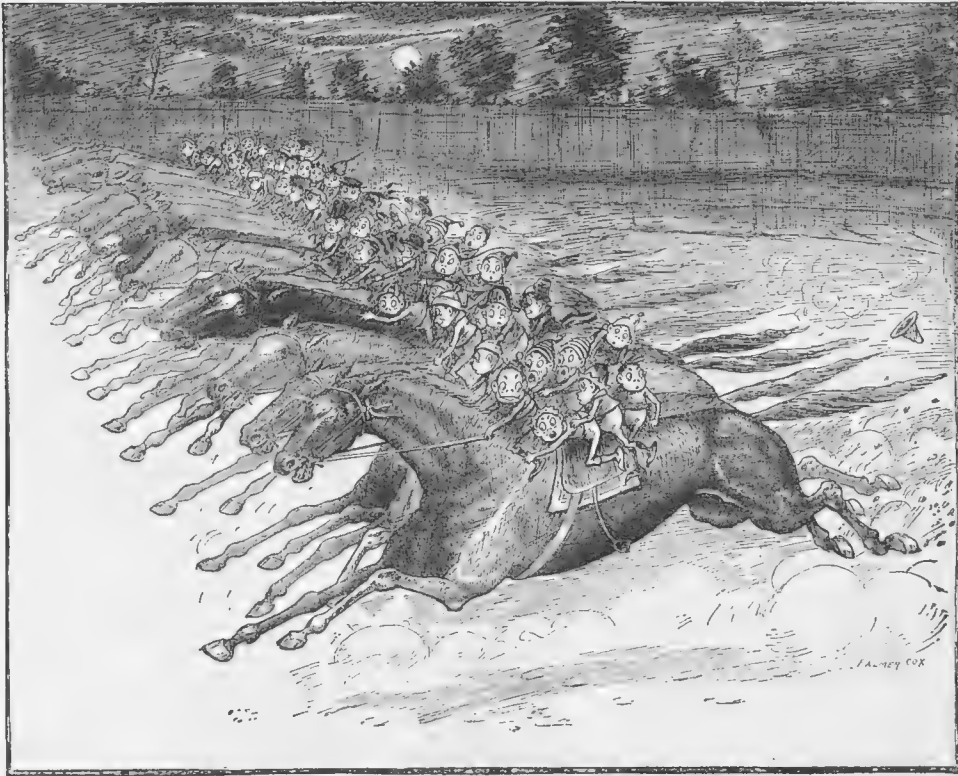
BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON I., AT AJACCIO.

From "A Jaunt into Corsica," by Charles H. Adams, in the *Century* for September.



DOWN-STREAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, Ebury Street, S.W.



A BROWNIE RACE.

From "The Brownies in Kentucky," by Palmer Cox, in *St. Nicholas* for September.

In *St. Nicholas*, too, young people are presented with a beautiful budget of pictures. A long poem, written and illustrated by Palmer Cox, quaintly describes a ride of the "Brownies" through the Union—surely a curious combination of ideas—they, as the picture shows—

Not stringing out, nor two by two,
But bunched together at the close,
Along the home stretch, nose and nose.

The frontispiece shows a little fellow standing in a pool at the seaside, watching six mermaids, who clamber on the rocks to see him. The articles are varied, and are, each and all of them, brightened by the pictures that accompany them.

The interesting problem of sky-signs has once more been agitating two publics eager for two things—one the protection of London from disfigurement, the other the

advertisement of their wares for the benefit of London and themselves. This time it is the County Council which figures as the oppressor of the sky-sign, and we are bound to say that the County Council has, so far, our very hearty sympathy; perhaps one's sympathy is all the more cordial on this occasion because it is rarely bestowed upon this particular subject. The case is getting to be ancient history now, and the defeat of the Council by the magistrate's favours is well enough known. It appears that, although from one particular spot, according to the contention of the Council, the sign of Harrod's Stores was, in truth, visible against the sky, the magistrate maintained, on the other hand, that this could not decide the controversy, and the Council accordingly loses in its struggle for the cause of art.

We firmly trust, however, that herein the Council will not lose heart, but, putting a manful shoulder to the wheel, will select test cases which may prove more joyful for that cause than the dubious case of Harrod's Stores. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in a recent issue of *To-Day*, wisely protests against the novel practice of throwing advertisements by means of lanterns. "The National Gallery, blazing with illuminated letters asking you about your liver, and the roof of Westminster Abbey adorned with a picture of a man suffering with stomach-ache, are not instructive objects of a night."

LAND AND SEA.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[Suggested by Mrs. C. Mura's "Idyll" in the Royal Academy Exhibition.]

A bight of Grecian waters sapphirine,
Where woody slopes shelve gently to the seas,
And Satyrs, ambushed by Oreades,
Peep forth astonished from the screening pine:
For foaming furrows blanch the azure brine,
Where Tritons plunge and Nereids wheel at ease;
And fain the admiring Fauns would be as these,
Who would for earth the watery realm resign.
Sometimes a Satyr, to the margin crept,
Pelts a near-gliding nymph with shell or sand,
Or trump of Triton peals an Oread's praise.
But Law is Deity, and will be kept;
Foot travels not the sea, or fin the land,
And sealy folk and sylvan pause at gaze.



AN IDYLL.—MRS. C. MURA.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE JOHNNY IN JAPAN.



"Vat is de name of de sheep mit nossings in her sto-mach?"



SURPRISING THE NATIVES.



"Poor Jones is quite mad about his picture that was on exhibition."

"Wasn't it noticed?"

"Yes; took a prize."

"What's he mad about, then?"

"Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

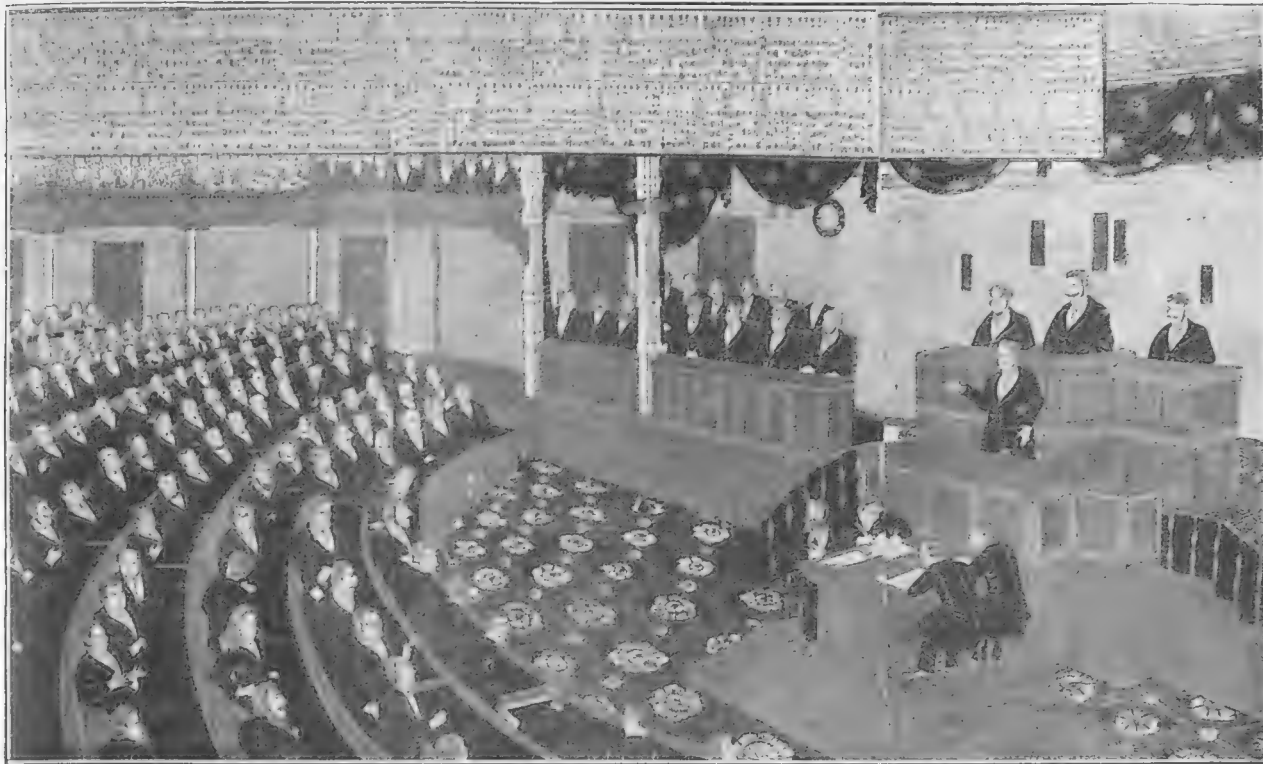
COREA.*

Under the title which heads this page there has usually been a summary of one book and its story. This week the story—and a very timely

Landing at Chemulpo on Aug. 28, they passed nearly a week in the capital city, which is Seoul, before travelling across the country northward to Won-san, or Gen-san, on the Pacific coast, and thence to Po-chon, the frontier village where they parted. It seems that

the inhabitants of Seoul, which is as big a town as Edinburgh, regard the provincials with much contempt, for Seoul is the residence of a monarch whose courtiers and officials, amid the general stagnation and corruption of Corean social affairs, enjoy the monopoly of dignities and lucrative pursuits. Captain Cavendish estimates the whole population of this kingdom at fourteen millions, instead of nine, the number usually set down in geographical text-books. There is an immense host of Government civil servants, who must pass literary examinations in the Chinese classics, and there is as much taxation as the people can endure. There is a military staff and a naval staff, but no army, except the garrison of Seoul and the soldiers kept to guard the King and the governors of provinces, and no fleet whatever. His Majesty Li Hsi, who is forty-two years of age, leaves the exercise of power mainly to

his Prime Minister, a kinsman of the Queen, assisted by two American "Generals" with regard to foreign affairs. Although Corea has been opened to European trade since 1882, and fifty-seven per cent. of the imports are British goods, its chief commerce is with China and Japan.



THE JAPANESE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

(From Mr. Curzon's Book.)

story it is—is spread over two books. Corea has long been a subject of interest to the mere politician. To-day it interests the whole world. You may spell it with a "C" or a "K," it is all the same—a strange country, of which few travellers for many years past have given any precise account. It is the peninsula, about the size of Great Britain, which hangs southward on the far eastern side of the Asiatic continent. Its west coast is on the Yellow Sea of China; to the east, in the North Pacific Ocean, is the insular realm of Japan. The war now beginning to rage between those two rival empires concerns their respective claims to some kind of protectorate over Corea. The first of the two volumes under notice is an entertaining narrative of travels in Corea three years ago. This part of the book is written by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish, of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and is especially useful just now. As for the "Great White Mountain," which is not likely to become the scene of Chinese and Japanese warlike operations, it is just outside of Corea to the north, in the Manchu dominions of the Chinese Empire. The "Paik-tu-san," as they call it in China, was visited and described by Captain Young-husband some time ago; and Mr. C. W. Campbell, in 1889, attempted its ascent, but was stopped by the snow. This feat was accomplished in October, 1891, by Captain H. E. Goold-Adams, R.A., the fellow-traveller of Captain Cavendish in Corea. He tells us how he did it and what he saw in the eighth chapter of the present volume. Both writers, as sportsmen and naturalists, give some account of the wild animals and birds of that region.



DISTANT VIEW OF PAIK-TU-SAN, OR WHITE MOUNTAIN.

(From "Korea," by Captains Cavendish and Goold-Adams.)

The condition of the people, outside of the privileged classes, seems to be squalid and sorely depressed, but Captain Cavendish did not visit the southern provinces, where the recent insurrection broke out which has been made the pretext for Japanese intervention. Of Chemulpo and Seoul, towns which are the residence of English missionaries and a few mercantile men, other accounts will be forthcoming, but this book

* "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain." By Captain A. E. J. Cavendish, F.R.G.S., and Captain H. E. Goold-Adams, R.A. London: George Philip and Son.
"Problems of the Far East: Japan—Korea—China." By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

contains many anecdotes and observations serving to show the state of the interior and the native manners and customs. It is furnished with two good maps, and with twenty views, mostly taken from photographs by Messrs. Campbell, Hillier, and Brazier.

Mr. G. N. Curzon's contribution is more ambitious. As an authority upon Asiatic politics, he has taken a very wide range, from Armenia and Persia to the farthest East. The present crisis appears rather serious with regard to "the evolution of modern Japan," which, as a warlike democracy, is intent on conquest, boxing the ears of its big neighbour China; and the Yellow Sea, though it is a gulf of the North Pacific, suddenly becomes the scene of fierce naval conflicts with the most improved patterns of ironclad ships and guns and torpedo devilry, handled as briskly as the armaments of great European Powers. Mr. Curzon's new book, however, just published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., is by no means a hasty treatise upon these recent aspects of the relations between the militant empires of Eastern Asia. He visited those countries in 1887 and 1888, and again



HIS MAJESTY LI HSI, KING OF COREA.
(From Mr. Curzon's Book.)

in 1892 and 1893; with the treaty ports of Corea, also, and Seoul, the capital, he is personally acquainted. As a practised observer and inquirer concerning matters of political organisation and administration, his testimony is more valuable than that of ordinary travellers. The working of Parliamentary institutions in Japan is a great novelty; and the estimate that may be formed of Count Ito's statesmanship, for instance, must be qualified by our feeling of uncertainty whether any of us can yet correctly understand the Japanese mind and character, when the native politicians, highly intelligent men, no doubt, betake themselves to an imitation of European practices. It is not so difficult to appreciate the more conservative policy and the autocratic government of the Chinese Empire, with the vigorous administration of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. The true cause of the Corean crisis seems personified in Mr. Curzon's interview with "the President of the Corean Foreign Office, an old gentleman with a faultless black hat, a benign and sleepy expression, plump cheeks, and a long grey moustache and beard." A Minister of State must appear to be decrepit and unable to walk in the street alone; two servants must hold him and prop him up under the arms, or he loses all dignity and reputation for wisdom. The history of Corea is delightfully symbolised by this fact.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Switzerland is an admirable country to come to, a lovely country to stay in, a hard country to get away from: not merely from its attractions, but because the trains and coaches have been arranged with great skill for that end. You are delivered at a remote valley with much expedition: returning, you find that time-tables have been so devised as to land you for two or three nights at intermediate points. All which goes to show that the free Switzer is a man of business, and if he loves his country he certainly turns her to the best account.

It is this double aspect of the country that is irresistibly impressed on the visitor. Lofty, snow-clad summits, each with its mapped-out route and guide tariff; deep blue-green lakes, beset with steamers and inferior imitations of Thames skiffs; huge hotels springing up on shoulders of pastured slopes—all these mingle in the extraordinary medley known to men as Switzerland, in which one hardly knows which is more conspicuous, the hand of the Creator or the hand of the finger-post.

Fair are thy vales, O Switzerland!
And deep thy forest dells,
But deeper still, if not so grand,
The ways of thy hotels.
Into the cloudless azure leap
The summits of thy hills;
But just as high and just as steep
The merry Switzer's bills.
Eternal are the snowy cows
Thy mountain summits wear;
Not less eternal are the fowls
Upon thy bills of fare.

Oh, those eternal fowls! What treasures of topographical ingenuity are lavished upon devising fresh origins for the same roast chicken! One day they are *Poulets de Bresse*, the next *Poulets de la Flèche*, then to reappear as *Chapons du Mans*, and, possibly, another day as *Poulets de Surrey*. *Plus ça change, et plus c'est la même chose*.

The Switzer is, perhaps, not conspicuously "merry," though he might well be, with the annual spectacle that the tourists must give him; but his mirth is sedulously repressed. Laughter in his case would be especially unprofitable. I have a sort of uneasy notion that when the winter comes the free Switzers assemble—except such of them as are on duty at winter resorts—for one huge and convivial chuckle over the ways of the foreigners who have been their guests during the season, and drink to a good tourist harvest next year.

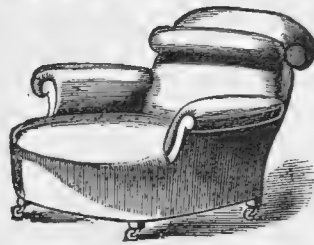
There has always been something very business-like about even the patriotism and heroism of the Swiss. Their struggles for independence, their fights for territory, their civil wars and changes of Government, have been mostly carried through with a distinct eye to the main chance. It is quite a mistaken idea that represents them as plundering Charles the Bold's tent at Grandson and taking his diamonds for bits of glass; they kept a very strict account of the smallest bits of plunder. And by a supreme effort of the commercial imagination, not having had a really romantic hero, they invented one, and show (for a consideration) the spots connected with the story of William Tell even unto this day.

Alas for legend! William Tell and Melchthal, and the other brave men of the Three Lands, and the tyrant Gessler, must all to the limbo of Things that Never Happened. Every country that has had archers has seen Tell's feat—in legend. Some Ancient Persian, who had been taught to draw the long bow, but not to speak the truth, chronicled a similar exploit of a man of his nation. The Greeks had not the legend; but then they belonged to the old school of the drama, and did not sufficiently esteem their Archers, William or otherwise. And Cloudeslee did the same feat in Merry England.

Tell's legend sounds well enough; but I have always wondered what would have happened had Gessler been no Austrian governor, but an English or American tourist with well-filled purse. Here patriotism need not have come into play, but the commercial instinct only. And I cannot help picturing the hero to myself as saying, after his feat of archery, "Now, then, gentlemen, for fifty francs more I will shoot off the boy's head without touching the apple." MARMITON.

HOWARD'S
WELL SEASONED OAK **PARQUET** Catalogues FREE.
25, 26, 27, BERNERS ST. W.

DECORATIVE FURNITURE.

HOWARD & SONS'SIÈGE
DE
DUVET.SIÈGE
DE
DUVET.**EASY CHAIRS, SOFAS, AND DIVANS**

OF FINEST QUALITY ONLY.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

MARION'S PLATES AND FILMS.

FACTORY: SOUTHGATE, MIDDLESEX.

Each Box marked with the Actual Speed Number as determined by Messrs. Hurter and Driffield's System.

Samples can be had from all Dealers, or direct from the Manufacturers by sending card.

MARION'S MOUNTS.

Made at their Factory, COURBEVOIE, near PARIS. Samples can be had free on application. Please state for what size required.

MARION'S PUBLICATIONS.DOWNEY'S ART STUDIES. Fifth Series Now Ready. 1s. 6d. each, plain.
DOWNEY'S LIFE STUDIES IN BARTOLOZZI RED. 2s. 6d. each.
LADAS, the Winner of the DERBY, 1894. 2s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

THE FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. Size of Prints, 11½ by 8½. On Fine Ivory Cardboard, 22 by 15, 1s. 6d. each, plain; or Cabinet Photographs, 1s. 6d. each.

Full detailed Lists free on application. Also our Illustrated Catalogue of Photo Materials.

MARION & CO., 22 & 23, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

All Goods Sold at Wholesale Prices. Designs are Exact Size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (3000 ILLUSTRATIONS) OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER, AND ELECTRO PLATE POST FREE.

1894

New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Second Quality Brooch, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.

SPECIAL.—OLD GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE OR BOUGHT FOR CASH. VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE AT A SPECIALLY LOW RATE. OLD JEWELLERY REMODELLED

New Double Heart and Ribbon Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.



New Pattern Brooch, Diamond £7 7s.



New Double Heart Brooch containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.



New Pattern Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 9 Brilliants, and 7 Rose Diamonds, £3 15s.



Spray Brooch or Hair Ornament, 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.



New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.



New Brooch, containing 21 Brilliants and 5 Sapphires or 5 Rubies, £5 5s.



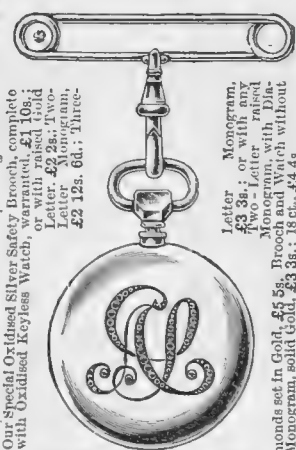
Choice Sapphire and Brilliant Half-hoop Bracelet, £18 18s. Rubies and Brilliants same price.



Best Quality Diamond 3-row New Moon Brooch, £10 10s.



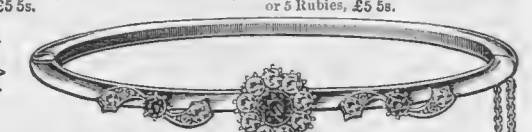
Diamond Partridge Scarf Pin, £4 4s. All Gold, £1 15s. Pheasant, Wild Duck, Snipe, Woodcock, Gamecock, Grouse, Running Fox, same prices.



Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d.; larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size, in Gold, 2s. 6d.



Best Gold Scarf Pin, 17s. 6d.



New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.



New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond Centre, £6 15s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., £35 10s.



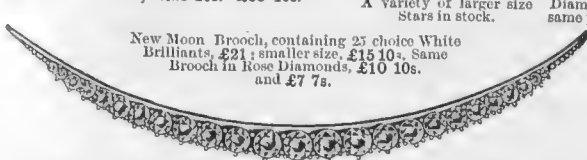
18-Carat Gold Foxhead and Horn Ring, £1 15s.



New Diamond Star, Brooch, Pendant, or Hair Ornament, £5.



New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent, Rubies and Diamonds, £1 10s. Sapphires & Diamonds, same price.



New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21; smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.

Illustrated List of Conchoidal, Golf, Nautical, Polo, and Sporting Jewellery, post free.

NOTICE.—We have had so many letters asking whether our Diamonds are real, we hereby beg to state that all our precious stones are real; also all Metals we use. We do not sell or keep Imitation Goods of any sort.

BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.

An Assortment of Elegant and Inexpensive Novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents kept in stock. Special Designs and Estimates prepared Free of Charge.

Before buying a Present in Silver Plate please write for our Special List of SILVER GOODS, post free from 10s. 6d. to 100 Guineas, admitted by the Press to be the most unique and extensive Stock in London.

All prices below Army and Navy Stores.—Court Circular.

New Moon Brooch, 7 Brilliants and 8 Rose Diamonds, £5. All Rose Diamonds, £4. A large variety of larger sizes in stock.

Lady's 14 inch Dressing Bag, centre to lift out, Sterling Silver Mounted Fittings, Ebony Brushes, £4 10s. Ivory Brushes, £5 (21 Pieces.) Before buying a Dressing Bag, please write for our Illustrated Lists, post free, and compare prices. Special Designs and Estimates on application.

18-carat Gold Golf Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d. Our new Signal Scarf Pin, best Gold. Flags beautifully enamelled in correct colours, £1 5s. Let us keep together for mutual protection. Any 3-Flag Signal same price. An assortment of Nautical Pins, Brooches, Match Boxes in Stock. Special Designs submitted to order. List post free.

New Bar Brooch, set with 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 6 Brilliants, and 16 Rose Diamonds, £5 5s.

An experienced Assistant sent with a selection of goods if desired.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C.

Lipton **LIPTON'S TEAS**
AND HAVE THE **ARE THE BEST!**
Largest Sale in the World.

Lipton **LIPTON** pays most Duty. **LIPTON** controls the Tea Markets.

Lipton **LIPTON** paid on April 23, 1894, to Her Majesty's Customs, London, £35,365 9s. 2d. For Duty.

This represents over one-half of the average weekly payments for duty paid by the entire tea trade on the whole of the tea imported into Great Britain.

Lipton **LIPTON** is sole proprietor of several thousand acres of the best tea-growing land in Ceylon, on which many thousand natives are constantly employed. Lipton's tea estates stand at an elevation of from 2000 to 6500 feet above the sea-level, where only the finest teas are grown.

LIPTON'S TEAS Gained the Highest and only Award in the British Section of the World's Fair, Chicago. **LIPTON'S TEAS** Come direct from the Tea Gardens.

Lipton **NOTE THE PRICES!**
RICH AND FRAGRANT. FINEST THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

Lipton **1/-** and **1/4** per **1/7** lb.
per lb. **NO HIGHER PRICE.**

Over ONE MILLION Packets sold weekly in Great Britain alone.

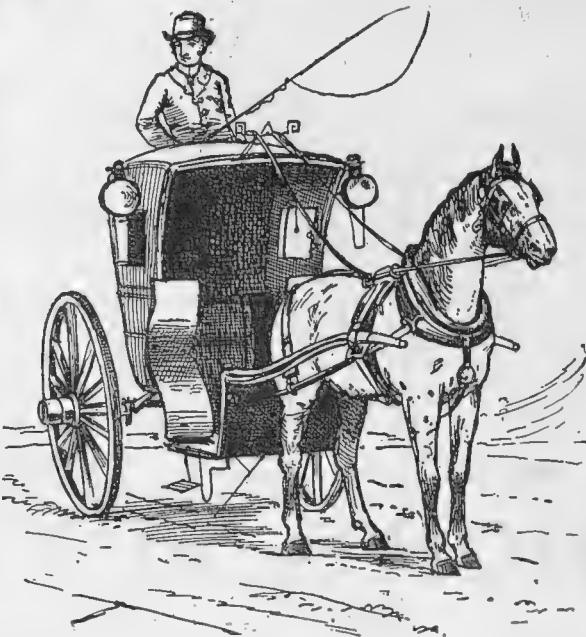
Lipton **BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.** Agents throughout the World.

LIPTON, Tea Planter, Ceylon.

Lipton's Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, COLOMBO. Ceylon Offices: Upper Chatham Street, COLOMBO. Lipton's Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, CALCUTTA. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, CALCUTTA. Tea and Coffee Sale-rooms: Mining Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea-Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old St., LONDON, E.C. General Offices: Bath Street, City Road, LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES GREEN, THE CABMAN.

From the "Wolverhampton Chronicle."



We have just learned of the thrilling experience of the well-known cabman, Charles Green, 42, Rabey Street, who for many years has been employed by the Wilson Cab Company, Wolverhampton. His experience, as related below, is as interesting as it is extraordinary. It appears that Mr. Green had occasion recently to go out of town, remaining over night, and was obliged to sleep in a damp bed, and thereby contracted rheumatism in the most

severe form. It seemed to settle all over him; he was brought home, put to bed, and for more than eight weeks could not move hand or foot. His agony was such that he would scream if anyone came into the room, for fear they would touch him. His knees were swollen to three times their natural size. He was taken to the Wolverhampton Hospital, where he remained four weeks, at the end of which time he was discharged as incurable. He was taken home, when his wife persuaded him, as a last resort, to try St. Jacobs Oil, Green remarking at the time to his wife, "that if St. Jacobs Oil cured him he would buy her a new frock," little expecting, however, that he would have that pleasure. His wife then had a double interest in curing her husband. She applied half the contents of one bottle to his knees, rubbing the parts vigorously for half an hour, when she left the room for a few minutes. On returning, she was surprised to hear Green say, "I shall have to buy you a new frock, for I can turn myself and move my legs." Continuing to use this famous Oil, Green commenced to improve, and after using the contents of four bottles he was out and on his cab at work in all weathers, and as well and hearty as ever he was in his life. He was laid up four months altogether, perfectly helpless, could not move hand or foot.

"Familiar in his mouth as household words."



Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

**PLAYER'S
NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES**

ARE SELLING

By THE MILLION to THE MILLION.

Sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, & 100.

**LONDON
HOTEL METROPOLE**

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.

One of the most magnificent Hotels in Europe.

EVERY COMFORT AND LUXURY.

Highest class cuisine, wines, and attendance.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE:

GRAND HOTEL	- - - - -	LONDON.
HOTEL METROPOLE	- - - - -	} LONDON.
AND WHITEHALL ROOMS	- - - - -	
HOTEL VICTORIA	- - - - -	LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL	- - - - -	LONDON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL	- - - - -	EASTBOURNE.
HOTEL METROPOLE	- - - - -	} BRIGHTON.
AND CLARENCE ROOMS	- - - - -	
ROYAL PIER HOTEL	- - - - -	RYDE, I. of W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL	- - - - -	MARGATE.
HOTEL METROPOLE	- - - - -	MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL METROPOLE	- - - - -	CANNES.

HAPPENINGS IN HOLIDAYLAND.

Switzerland is at this time of the year a land of contrasts. To the majority of the thousands of visitors who frequent this lovely country it brings rest, refreshment, and recreation; to not a few, unhappily, the

occasionally flattered the peasants in the Val de Lys by adopting their costume, which, for the benefit of ladies, may be described as comprising a skirt of brilliant red cloth, reaching to the ankles, a white linen chemisette, with full sleeves, covered by a red bodice, and a black lace *coiffure*, brightened with plenty of silver pins. The Baron's newest villa was used by the Queen, who also enjoyed the cool shade of his summer-house on the mountain side. At the latter she could conduct in peace and quietude her correspondence and sketching. At the same period of which we are writing there was another royal visitor, whose book of life since that date has been filled with many sad pages. This was the then Crown Princess of Germany (now the Empress Frederick), who pursued as unpretentious a holiday as the Queen of Italy. She would paint all day *en plein air*, while one or other of her daughters would read aloud some book. These royal ladies set an admirable example to the hosts of people of all nationalities who cannot leave behind them the rôles which they play in work-a-day life.

We had long been aware what a potent personality "le Lor Maire" is in the eyes of all foreigners; it is not surprising, therefore, that even the holiday movements of Sir George R. Tyler, Bart., and London's Lady Mayoress should be chronicled with glee, if not complete accuracy, by Swiss journalists. His Lordship has just been visiting the Stanserhorn, not far from Lucerne; he ascended to the summit by the funicular railway, of which the motive power is electricity. There are two or three interesting points about this modern method of Alpine travel which distinguishes the railway from the methods employed at Lugano, Lauterbrunnen, and other places. The electricity is generated at Buochs, where a turbine of 150-horse power is set in motion by the water of the Engelberger-Aa. The electricity is conducted by wires to the Stanserhorn, and three dynamos here convert it into motive-power. There is no cogged rail, but

in its place there is a clever contrivance invented by the constructors of the railway. The line is 4052 yards in length. Its construction took two years, including the placing of a telegraph line along the route. This mountain railway has rendered the attractions of the Stanserhorn, which commands an exquisite view, accessible to many who previously had failed to make acquaintance with them. In particular, the sight of the Rigi is exceptionally grand from the hotel which crowns the Stanserhorn, and anyone who desires a delightful holiday might do well to visit this portion of the Bernese Oberland, which could hardly be excelled for varied beauty.

Mrs. Dicosy.

Allerman Morgan.

Miss Robinson.



The Lord Mayor.

The Lady Mayoress.

Photo by Zumbühle, Stans.
Mr. Dicosy.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND PARTY, 6300 FT. ABOVE THE SEA.



The Queen.

Baron de Peccoz.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY MOUNTAINEERING WITH HER LATE HOST.

(From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, Feb., 1894.)

dangers of its fascinating Alps bring death. The season was, last week, marked by one of the saddest events which have had to be chronicled for some time. The beautiful Queen of Italy had, according to her annual custom, visited the valley of Gressoney St. Jean—on the border-line between Switzerland and Italy—taking advantage of the generous hospitality, of which she has often been the recipient, of Baron Luigi de Peccoz, who had placed his charming villa at her Majesty's disposal. On Sunday, Aug. 26, Queen Margherita was taking a walk in the direction of the Riffel Alp glacier, a favourite spot which always appealed to her artistic sympathies. Suddenly Baron de Peccoz fell down in an apoplectic fit at the feet of the Queen, who was profoundly shocked at this tragic loss of so devoted a friend. Although the guides immediately came to the call of her Majesty, the Baron had already expired, and the Queen had the sad duty of breaking the news to the family party at Gressoney, where the Baron was deservedly esteemed. He was a keen sportsman and an ardent mountaineer, a man possessed of great intelligence and charm of conversation, and highly appreciated by his royal guest, whose hitherto pleasant memories of the green slopes of the valley of Gressoney will be now tinged with the recollection of the deceased nobleman. A telegram was very soon sent by King Humbert, after receipt of the sad tidings, informing the Baron's family of his wish to be present at the funeral. The Alps have always had an attraction for Queen Margherita, as Mrs. E. T. Cook pleasantly described not long ago in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The writer remembers seeing her Majesty riding daily on her favourite mule in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, some years ago, attended by only one member of her suite. She is a capital Alpine climber, and every year has shown increasing zest for delightfully unconventional excursions in this neighbourhood. Queen Margherita would often in the morning proceed to some pretty spot at the foot of a glacier on a mountain side or in a sheltered valley, and fill her sketch-book with reminiscences of the exquisite scenery. She

LEICESTER ELECTIONS OF THE PAST.

The recent electoral contest at Leicester, which resulted, on the 29th, in the return of Mr. Henry Broadhurst and Mr. Walter Hazell as Liberal members, promises to excite still further interest by reason of its dual

Leicester Election.

THE Returning Officers acquaint the Electors, that to avoid an inconvenient and perhaps dangerous pressure, they have requested the several Candidates not to come to the Town-Hall, in procession to-morrow.

The Hall will be opened at a quarter-past 10 o'clock, and the Candidates, and a number of their Friends, will be admitted previously by Tickets, to be sent to their Committees.—It is requested that none but persons having a right to Vote will attempt to attend; and it is particularly hoped that Women and Children will take care to keep themselves out of a crowd, in which, they may be involved in so much danger.

THOMAS MARSTON, *Mayor*.
THOMAS JEFFCUTT, *High-Bailiff*.

Leicester, June 11, 1826.

—♦♦♦—
J. Fowler, Printer.

issue of writs. The constituency has always been keen on politics, although latterly the Vaccination question has overshadowed other considerations. A glance at some of the incidents which have arisen at previous contests may not be out of place.

In a work written at the commencement of the present century, entitled "Music and Friends," by a well-known inhabitant of Leicester, Mr. William Gardiner, reference is made to some important contested elections in this borough—

"In 1751, at the election, an effort was made by the Whig part of the Corporation to choose a Liberal member, none having been returned since Winstanley in 1741. Although the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Stamford, and the county Whig families were powerful allies in the Independent cause, the Corporation, by means of the town purse, defeated their opponents, and three hundred colliers marched into the town from Coleorton Moor, armed with bludgeons, in which iron spikes had been inserted, to support the Tory cause. The Liberal Committee sat at the house of Mr. Garle, in Friar Lane, but on the attack of the colliers they escaped being maimed or massacred by running through the garden towards St. Martin's Church. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, though a heavy man, got over the wall with great agility, and took refuge in the house of Mr. Pares, the banker. In 1768 the Earl of Stamford, with the Duke of Rutland and the Whigs, succeeded in returning his brother, the Hon. Booth Grey, and Colonel Coote, which was considered a great victory.

"The town remained tolerably quiet till 1790, when the population was 13,000, and a severe contest took place between Smith, Hallad,

mischief, should withdraw a candidate, and a compromise took place in favour of Smith and Parkins. The mob on each side, seeing that their mad revelry was at an end, instantly united, and in their rage threatened to demolish and burn down the town. They broke into the Exchange, and threw the books and corporate papers out of the windows. Another party attacked the Assembly Rooms, where the Committee escaped by concealing themselves on the roof of the building. The concert library of music-books and the instruments were thrown out of the windows, and the crowd seized the kettledrums and played upon them. The whole of the Market Place as far as the Coal Hill appeared as if the ground had been covered with snow, for the Corporation papers thrown out of the Exchange and the music-books from the Assembly Rooms on the Coal Hill, torn into small pieces, met at the East Gates, and in some places were a foot deep.

"At the General Election in 1826 a great effort was made in Leicester to return two Liberal members. Mr. Evans, the originator and successful advocate of a Bill for preventing Corporations from spending the public money in election contests—which was no small achievement as a precursor of the Municipal Reform Bill—and formerly M.P. for East Retford, was anxious to be returned to Parliament to expose the corrupt state of the borough. Mr. Otway Cave, a descendant of a high Tory family, also offered himself for election. Both being men of high character, it was thought that a union of two such patriots could not be successfully opposed. After the contest had begun, the Corporation commenced their old system of bribery, and made a proposal to Mr. Cave that if he would remain neutral on the Catholic question they would give him their influence in conjunction with their candidate, Sir Charles Hastings. Mr. Cave spurned the idea, but his friends, seeing that he would otherwise be defeated, persuaded him to accede to the proposed coalition. The nefarious practices of the Corporation prevailed, and Mr. Evans was thrown out. Mr. Cave subsequently moved for a disclosure of the conduct of the Corporation in the late election, which

A CARD.

MR. SAVEALL, under the present emergency of affairs, begs leave to offer to the "deluded Advocates" of certain unpopular opinions his inimitably convenient

FLY BY NIGHT.

To keep up appearances it will be ready at the Bell Inn, every evening after dusk!

Inside to DERBY, only five shillings during the full of the Moon—and seven shillings and sixpence afterwards.—The Gentlemen's Servants at half-price.

Anticipation-Row, May 23, 1826.

Chamberlain, Printer, East-Gates.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A HYPOCRITICAL RADICAL,

TO fabricate LIES AND CALUMNY; one who is accustomed to STAB IN THE DARK will certainly be preferable. The Person now holding that very respectable Office finding business increase on his hands, is desirous of having an Assistant.

As there is full employ, as liberal a Salary as a PRESBYTERIAN SCREW can afford, will be given.

No one need apply who has the least pretensions to good qualities; let it suffice if he have but the outward show of a PRESBYTERIAN!!!

All letters must be post paid, as the SAGE COMMITTEE positively cannot afford to squander the postage of a single letter; seeing that "Economy accords with the principles they profess!"

Apply to W. E. at the Hypocritical Cant Committee Room, Bell Inn, or to Cardinal Puff, (alias P---r the G---t) New Walk.

Leicester, May 31st. 1826.

GROWN, PRINTER.

was opposed by the Minister, Sir Robert Peel. Although Leicestershire stands in the Minister's book as the most Torified county in England, yet upon great occasions it has nobly protected the liberties of the inhabitants. It was William of Seagrave and Grantemesnil of Hincley who obtained for us Magna Charta. It was Grey and Hazlerigg who dethroned the Stuarts, and, with Bedford and Cavendish, seated William upon the throne; nor can it be doubted that it was the spirited conduct of Evans and Cave, added to the declaration of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, that there wanted no change, which hastened and produced the Reform Bill which the country so gloriously obtained."

BULL-FIGHTING.

A strange accident is reported from the bull-ring at Langon, in the Landes—nothing less than the escape of a bull from the arena. The animal broke the barriers, found an open door, rushed away, and after demolishing the Café de la Pédale, which is near by, led the toreros for a two-mile run, and escaped to a wood. This is a very unusual occurrence, for it is, I should think, safe to say that out of every thousand bulls sent into the arena more than nine hundred and ninety are killed. The breaking of the barrier is not so unusual. I have seen the strong posts splintered like match-wood by a powerful bull, and have often seen one of them leap the barrier in pursuit of a flying torador. One afternoon, at a fight in the Campo Pequeño, a very fierce bull, having jumped over the ring, tried to climb the second fence, behind which the people sat. I was on the lowest tier, and the animal made his happily unsuccessful attempt about a yard on my right-hand side. Luckily, the wire ropes caught his horns, or in the inevitable panic I should have had a bad quarter of an hour. I remember the rage of the bull, the terror of the people, the sinking sensation that for a moment possessed me. Sometimes after an indiscreet supper I dream the incident over again.

Parkins, and Montelieu. The fury of the electioneering spirit was then at its height. Bribery and corruption, drunkenness and disorder continued for nearly three weeks, and after blood had been spilt and nearly £3000 spent it was agreed that each party, to prevent further

HAMPTON & SONS

SPECIALISTS IN
TASTEFUL
FURNISHING
AT
SMALL
OUTLAY.

See particulars below.



SPECIALISTS IN
TASTEFUL
FURNISHING
AT
SMALL
OUTLAY.

See particulars below.

BOOK OF DESIGNS AND COMPLETE FURNISHING CATALOGUE

Contains, among other novel and much appreciated features, FINISHED DRAWINGS of 50 ORIGINAL SCHEMES for tastefully FURNISHING EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ROOM, Estimates for Furnishing throughout at various degrees of cost, and upwards of 2000 reproductions of photographs of separate examples of Artistic Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, &c., selected from HAMPTON & SONS' Show-Rooms, providing together an exhaustive review of the LATEST STYLES, LOWEST PRICES, and BEST VALUES now obtainable in every department of House-Furnishing.

THIS VALUABLE AND UNIQUELY EXHAUSTIVE WORK affords to all inquirers the means of seeing not only that HAMPTON & SONS' Furniture is as cheap as is consistent with reliable workmanship, but also that their immense stock is second to none either in variety of design or excellence of value.

For Illustrations and Prices of tasteful Furniture of the most inexpensive character, readers are referred especially to the Estimates, commencing on page 417.

Catalogue sent free to all applicants who contemplate furnishing. Separately bound Departmental Sections sent to those who require only one or two articles.

PALL MALL EAST,
AND
COCKSPUR STREET,

All Goods Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

Works and Warehouses:
BELVEDERE ROAD,
AND
PROVIDENCE WHARF, S.E.

VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP

Causes
no Blotches under
the Chin.

VINOLIA SHAVING STICKS: Premier, 6d. Toilet, 1s., 1s. 6d.,
and 2s. 6d. Vestal, 2s.

VINOLIA SHAVING CAKES: Premier, 1s. Toilet, 2s. Vestal, 3s.

BLONDEAU et CIE.,
RYLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

MELLIN'S FOOD.



FOR
INFANTS
AND
INVALIDS

*Respectfully,
Upper Umzimkulu,
East Griqualand,
Cape Colony.*

Dear Sir,
I send you here-
with a photograph of
my three sons, who
were all brought up
on Mellin's Food. I
am confident that it
was the means of
saving the lives of the
two younger, who, up
to the age of three
months, were extremely
delicate children.

Faithfully yours,
E. A. THOMPSON.

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.
For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple,
Nutritious, and Sustaining Food. Price 2s. and 2s. 6d. per Tin.

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus, post free on application to
MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., PECKHAM, S.E.

A Medical Man writes: "There is less physic taken in a doctor's family than in any other house in the parish, and this is because treatment is resorted to earlier in the case. Others say, 'I shall be better to-morrow,' and so postpone treatment at the most critical period of disease. For the cure of indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, and nervous complaints, I have found Guy's Tonic the most speedy and reliable medicine possible; again and again have I seen one dose taken in time save ninety-nine times its cost in doctors' bills."

A Sluggish Liver Described.

A sluggish liver is recognised by a dull pain between the shoulders, or in either shoulder-blade; tenderness in the region of the liver, fullness, with sometimes a slight enlargement of that organ; thirst, drowsiness, yellow or white-coated tongue; flatulency; dry, harsh, yellow skin; biliousness, yellowness of the eyes, hacking, dry cough, variable appetite, cold hands and feet, shortness of breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, low spirits, blotches on the face and neck, disturbed sleep, or a disinclination for exertion. Nothing necessitates so much absence from business, cessation of ordinary duties, and disinclination to resort to amusements, as a torpid and inactive liver. Guy's Tonic is the only safe medicine to take in these cases. No matter how chronic or grave the case, it will commence to yield after the first few doses of this wonderful remedy. Congestions and other biliary derangements are cured with unerring certainty. The complete and permanent restoration resulting from a short continuance of Guy's Tonic is truly remarkable; a cure invariably taking place, although other remedies have been used without benefit. The recoveries daily reported to us from the use of this valuable preparation seem almost incredible. The truth, however, is vouched for by more than three thousand grateful letters received. The steadily increasing demand for this medicine in chronic derangements of the liver is not to be wondered at. Guy's Tonic is the discovery of an eminent physician, who devoted many years of his life to perfecting this matchless medicine.

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is prepared under the supervision of a qualified pharmacist, and is widely recommended by medical men.

Seven Prize Medals



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer

A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

(Registered.)

COSMOSINE

FOR THE BATH AND TOILET WATER.

See Medical Opinions. NOT A SOAP. See Medical Opinions.

SOFTENS HARD WATER. PROMOTES HEALTH, ACTIVITY, & VIGOUR.

The following are some of the MEDICAL OPINIONS as to the use of Cosmosine.

Dr. JAMES STANTON, Senior Surgeon to the London Skin Hospital, Fitzroy Square, W., Author of "Lectures on Baths and Bathing," &c., &c., writes: "Cosmosine, a preparation lately introduced by an eminent analytical chemist, I find to be a refreshing and pleasant antiseptic for the bath and toilet purposes. It has the property of softening hard water, and is soothing to the skin when chapped or sunburnt. This preparation is beneficial for external use on the skin."

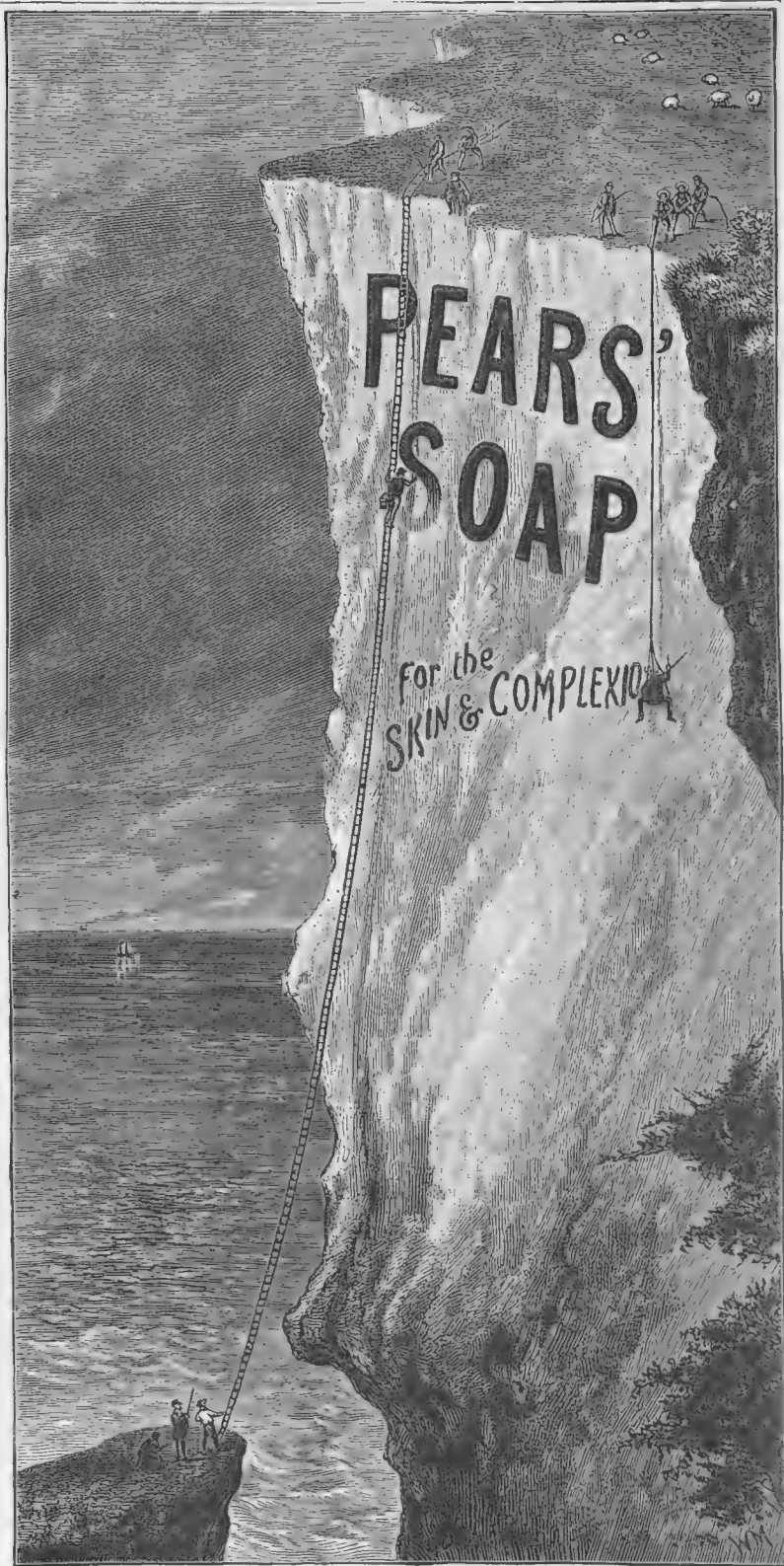
M.D., C.M. (Glasgow), writes: "I have had an opportunity of using 'Cosmosine' and find it to be a most valuable preparation for use in the bath and wash-basin. It softens the water, is soothing and refreshing, and leaves a pleasant glow and soft feeling on the skin. Where larger quantities are used than those prescribed on the Directions, no fear need be felt of any injurious action. It contains nothing poisonous or injurious. From its antiseptic and disinfectant, as well as invigorating and refreshing properties in the bath and wash-basin, it is in every way suitable and desirable for general use in the bath-room and bed-room, as well as in hospitals, public lavatories, baths, and schools."

2s. 6d. per Box through all Chemists, or direct from

THE COSMOSINE CO., 44, Granby Row, Manchester.

Six Boxes, carriage free, in Case, direct on receipt of Postal Order for 15s.

DELICIOUS
TO
THE SKIN.



Pears' Soap makes

the Hands white and fair,
the Complexion bright and
clear, and the Skin soft
and smooth as velvet.

"One of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
(Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.)

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

ADELINA PATTI.

LIBRARIANS IN CONGRESS.

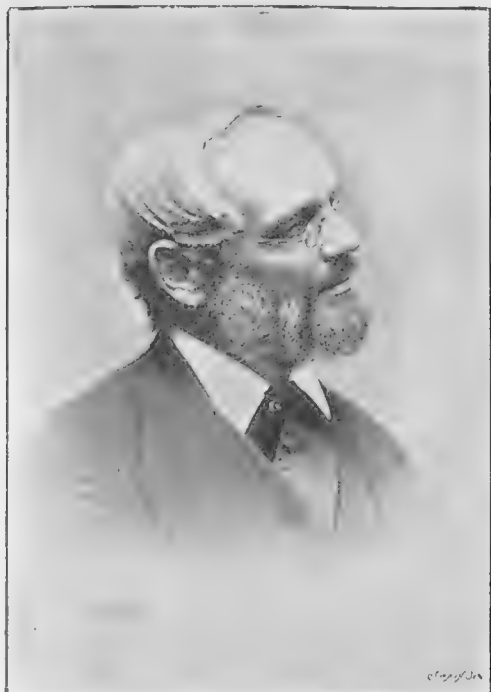


Photo by Hyatt, Russell Street, W.C.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT,

Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum.

The steady but solid growth of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, which is holding its annual congress at Belfast this week, presents a feature of no small encouragement to those who take active interest in popular progress and popular education. It is scarcely seventeen years since the Association was formed, yet it has accomplished no small amount of good work, and has enrolled upon its list of members nearly all the leading librarians of the day.

The avowed objects are to encourage and aid the establishment of new libraries, to secure better legislation for public libraries, to unite all engaged in literary work, for the purpose of promoting the best possible administration of libraries, and to encourage bibliographical research.

Whatever may be said for or against the universal establishment of free public libraries, there can be no doubt as to the enormous amount of good which has been accomplished by their agency. Their effect is by no means

confined to the actual readers within their walls or the borrowers of books from their shelves: it covers a much wider field. It is not too much to say that the promoters of this movement have set up in the popular gaze a brilliant and unmistakable object-lesson. The emphasis which they have given to the value of reading, and the advanced position they have taken up with reference to the duty incumbent on the public authorities of providing a supply of pure literature for the mind in the same way as pure air and pure water are furnished for the body, are two very commendable items in their programme of educational reform and advancement.

From the very first the Library Association has been closely connected with the chief libraries of London and the more important provincial towns, and it is interesting to find that upon four occasions its presidential chair has been occupied by gentlemen holding high official positions at the British Museum.

Perhaps one of the most gratifying features in connection with the annual meetings of the Association is the genuine and



Photo by Melhuish, Pall Mall, S.W.

DR. BULLEN, C.B.

Late Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum.

have respectively undertaken to give articles "On Pivot Presses at the British Museum" and "The Bibliography of the Future."

The agenda comprises many other papers, too numerous for separate mention, and, as many places of interest in the neighbourhood of Belfast are to be visited, the Association will probably have quite enough work to get through in the four days devoted to its congress.

A propos of the congress, it may be noticed that, on the advice of Dr. Garnett, the Trustees of the British Museum have just acquired twenty-four rare volumes in verse and two in prose, ranging in date between 1579 and 1613, from the library of Sir Charles Isham, at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. No copies of any of these works have been previously in the possession of the Museum. The find of these books in a disused lumber-room at Lamport Hall in 1867 caused much excitement in literary circles. Many of them were unique, and were not previously known to be in existence, while the majority were only known in single copies elsewhere.



Photo by Barrauld, Oxford Street, W.

MR. CHARLES WELCH, F.S.A.

Librarian, Guildhall Library.

hearty welcome which is invariably given it by the authorities of the different places visited. There can be no stronger proofs of the literary and educational progress of the age than this general recognition of the just position of the librarian, and this adequate appreciation of the valuable character of his labours.

In visiting Belfast this year the Association pays a second visit to Ireland, Dublin having been the place of meeting ten years ago, upon which occasion Dr. J. K. Ingram, Librarian of Trinity College, was the president.

At the meetings held at Queen's College, Belfast, during four days of the present week, in addition to the presidential address, a number of papers are to be read, dealing with questions relating to library work and library administration. Mr. Charles Welch, Librarian of the Guildhall Library, furnishes a paper on "The Public Library Movement in London: a Review of its Progress, and Suggestions for its Consolidation and Extension." Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, contributes one "On the Extension of Space in Libraries," and two other officials of the Museum, Mr. H. M. Mayhew and Mr. Frank Campbell,



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond, Surrey.

MR. HENRY R. TEDDER, F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian of the Athenæum Club.



Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

MR. J. Y. W. MACALISTER, F.S.A.

Hon. Sec. of the Association.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Yorkshire Tournament, which has just closed at Scarborough, was a great success. The hero of the meeting was Mr. C. Wade, who beat the Yorkshire champion, Mr. Davy, in the Gentlemen's Singles, though both were defeated by the brothers Allen in the Gentlemen's Doubles. The lady championship fell to Mrs. Draffen, who, with Mr. E. R. Allen, also won the Ladies and Gentlemen's Doubles.



Photo by W. D. Brigham, Scarborough.
MRS. DRAFFEN.

they visit Small Heath. Although the Wanderers reached the final for the Association Cup last season, they are by no means as strong as they were several years ago. As usual, I am afraid very few clubs will visit Sunderland this season and return undefeated. Burnley, however, will try their little utmost to accomplish this feat on Saturday. Notts Forest are due at Derby, where they will play the county team, and Everton will visit Stoke, and probably beat the club of that name. Although Preston North End have fallen from the high position they held a few seasons ago, they ought to be good enough to hold their own against Sheffield United. Wolverhampton Wanderers are not at all unlikely to return with a victory when they meet the Albion team at West Bromwich.

CYCLING.

Once more the wheeling enthusiasts of the City will have an opportunity of repairing to their favourite sporting haunt at Kennington Oval, which on Saturday next will be the scene of the autumn meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club. The principal race on the card is the Ten Mile Scratch for the Surrey Cup, valued at fifty guineas, which trophy was carried off last year by A. W. Harris. Since that event the Leicester man has gone over to the ranks of the professionals. In the days gone by he was content to fill his sideboard with handsome silver cups and all the rest of the racing paraphernalia incident to cycling prizes, but this year he is content to pocket the hard coin of the realm. When Harris won the Surrey Cup last year he beat the grass record by covering the distance in 27 min. 23 4-5 sec., the old time being 28 min. 9 4-5 sec.

The "Swift" cycles have again scored some striking successes, notably in the Volunteer 100-guinea Challenge Cup Race, won by the Galloway team.

For the Eastbourne Regatta, on Friday, the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to run special cheap excursions from London and suburban stations, including the East London Line, at the four-shilling day return fare.

FOOTBALL.

The Association game made a start for the season in England last Saturday. As usual, Scotchmen have been at it for several weeks. At present the interest is in the League Tournament, which promises to be as exciting as ever. The admission of one or two new clubs to the First Division is a step in the right direction. Liverpool is undoubtedly the best of the new-comers. This club will measure its strength against Aston Villa, the present champions of the League, next Saturday. As a rule, the Villans have not been the best possible performers away from home, but on this occasion they ought to have a very good chance of returning with a victory. On the same day Blackburn Rovers pay a visit to Sheffield Wednesday, when the visiting team may have enough to do to hold their own. The same may be said of Bolton Wanderers when

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is curious in reading through the Forfeit List, published under the official sanction of the Jockey Club, to find the names of men who once held high positions on the Turf. Ofttimes, be it noted, an owner finds himself in the Forfeit List through his own forgetfulness. Sometimes it is the Clerk of the Course who is at fault. On two occasions I received notice that money was owing by me for entry and jockey fees, but it is needless to add that both amounts had been paid at scale, and the officials had forgotten to notify the fact to head-quarters. Now, suppose in the meantime I had gone on business to, say, Australia, and my explanation had not been forthcoming in time, my name would, I presume, have been published in the Forfeit List. It, therefore, does not follow that the mere fact of a name appearing in the list implies an inability to pay. Sometimes it is the outcome of a clerical error, or of forgetfulness.

For over two centuries the Corporation of Doncaster have shown strong sportsmanlike tendencies. In 1687 the gentlemen who had control of the Town Moor subscribed £5 as "contrabution monys" to the races. Again, in 1710 an order went forth that "to encourage horse racing on Doncaster Moor £5 5s. be paid for five years"; and in 1716 £5 7s. 6d. was given as a Town Plate, "providing the neighbouring gentlemen do subscribe a valuable plate, to be run for on Doncaster Moor." When the St. Leger was established there was no distinction made in the weights carried by the colts and fillies. It was a sweepstakes of twenty-five guineas each, for three-year-old colts and fillies, to carry 7 st. 12 lb. each, over two miles. In 1790 the weights were raised, and apportioned so that colts carried 2 lb. more than the fillies, whose burdens were rated at 8 st.

Another alteration was carried out in 1813, colts then having to bear 8 st. 6 lb. and fillies 3 lb. less. This arrangement obtained until 1839, when fillies, 8 st. 2 lb., were given 5 lb. less to carry than the colts, a state of things that existed down to 1862, in which year the weights read: colts, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb. Since then another revision of weights has taken place, and now the contestants carry—colts, 9 st.; fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.

Amateur riders are plentiful enough, but very few of them are perfect performers in the saddle. It is, therefore, a pity that Mr. Dan Thirlwell does not ride in races oftener, as he has a perfect seat in the saddle, and is a capital

judge both of a horse and a race. Mr. Thirlwell is the son of a wealthy Suffolk agriculturist, who bred many good hunters in his day. Mr. Dan, as a youth, followed the hounds as straight as the crow flies for many seasons. Then he rode in races several hunters and steeplechasers trained by his brother-in-law, James Jewitt, and he won some good prizes on The Sinner and others. Mr. Thirlwell has not ridden jumpers since his marriage, but he is fond of having a mount in the club events at Lewes. He owned several horses at one time, and these were trained by Halsey. One of the animals, Torquay, was very fond of showing his teeth, and the last time I saw him out



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.
MR. D. THIRLWELL.

he had just tried to take a piece off Mr. Easton's leg, who was riding him. Mr. Thirlwell lives the life of a country gentleman on the south coast, and I believe he is very rich.


One of the most prominent features in the history of racing at Doncaster is Bill Scott's record in connection with the St. Leger, in which event that famous jockey rode no fewer than nine horses to victory. In 1812 he scored on Jack Spigott, beating twelve opponents; in 1825 on Memoir, in a field two dozen strong; in 1828, on The Colonel, he defeated eighteen others, and a year later he won on Rowton. Then, after a break of nine years, he commenced a winning sequence of four, which began with Don John's success in 1838, and ended with Satirist's victory in 1841, the intermediate brackets having been secured on Euclid, after a dead-heat with Charles XII., and on Launcelet. Scott finished his great record in 1846, when he steered his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, to victory from eleven others.

ELLIMAN'S
ROYAL
EMBROCATION

1/2
2/6 3/6
PER BOTTLE
Prepared
only by
ELLIMAN SONS & CO.
SLOUGH.
ENGLAND.

"very efficacious for
Horses in my Regt"
LIEUT. COL. BLUMENTHAL
2nd Dragoon Regt.

ELLIMAN'S IN GERMANY.



ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

UNIMPEACHABLE
TESTIMONY

1/1 1/2

For
STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES

Prepared only by
Elliman Sons & Co.
SLOUGH.



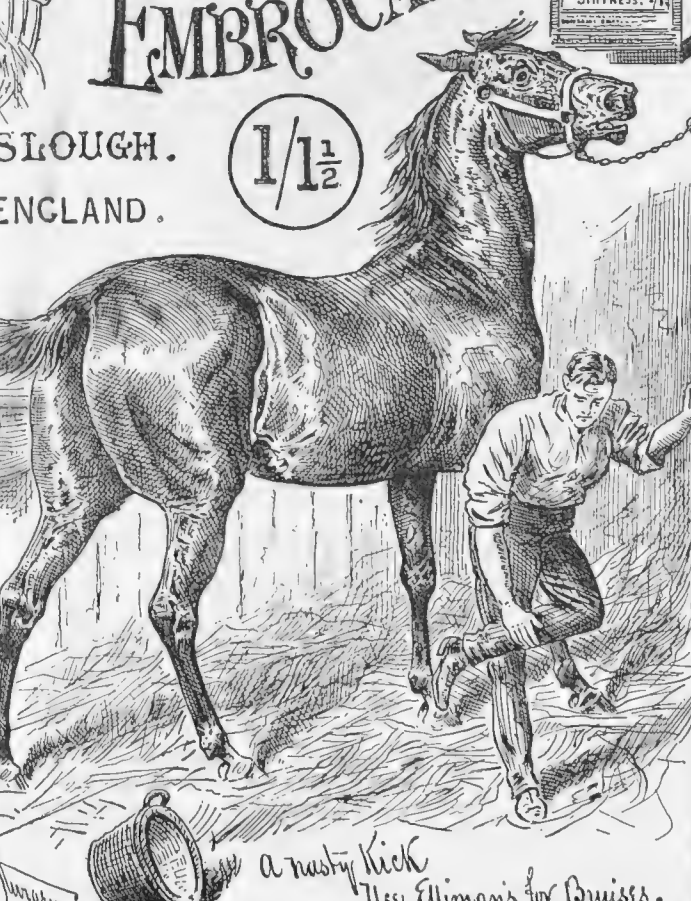
ELLIMAN'S
UNIVERSAL
EMBROCATION

SLOUGH.
ENGLAND.

1/1 1/2

RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SPRAINS
BRUISES
CHEST COLDS
See them in
STIFFNESS. 1/1 1/2

a nasty Kick
Use Elliman's for Bruises.



ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/1 1/2

IT
I WILL
HAVE
OR
I WILL
HAVE
NONE

Prepared only
by Elliman Sons & Co.
SLOUGH.

**STIFFNESS ACHES
SPRAINS BRUISES**



For Horses, Cattle, Dogs, Birds.


ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

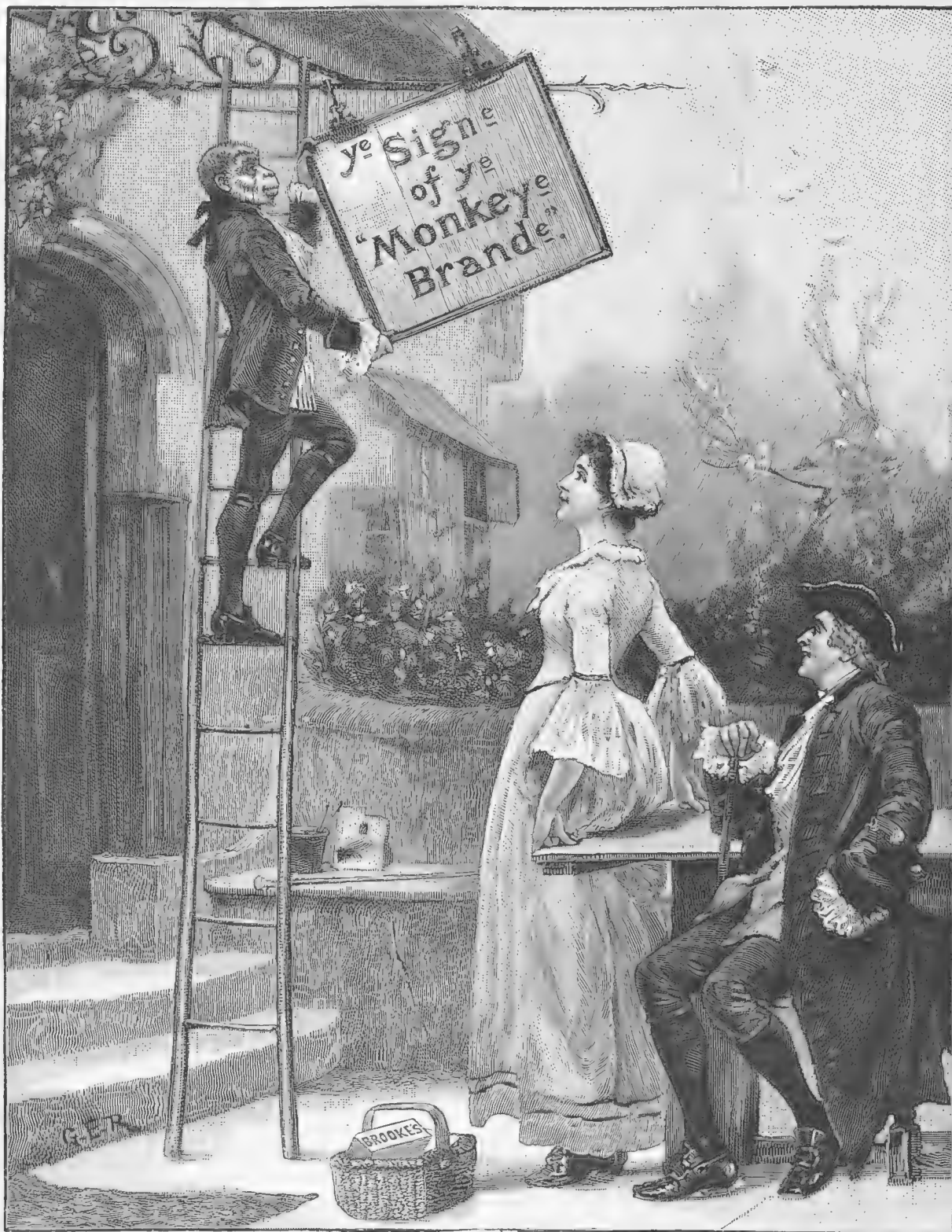
"AND IT I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE"

PRICES 1/2 2/6 3/6 PER BOTTLE
PREPARED ONLY BY
ELLIMAN SONS & CO.
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

"I have used it with success
WHEN OTHER REMEDIES
FAILED."
R.J. STEPHENSON
Tandem Stables EVANSTON U.S.A.

**ELLIMAN'S
IN AMERICA**





Brooke's Soap - Monkey Brand.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING

FLOORS & KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM & OILCLOTHS

FOR POLISHING —*— FOR POLISHING

METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR RODS.

For Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons, Mantels, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE NEW WOMAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Gerald Cazenove, the hero of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, is a well-born and romantically-minded young man, who lives in elegant chambers and entertains literary ladies of the most "advanced" types for afternoon tea and the discussion of the sexual problems, the married ones, of course, omitting to bring their husbands. Having won the Newdigate at Oxford and imbibed all the very newest theories, fads, and phrases, especially in relation to love, marriage, and "the higher morality," Gerald is regarded as a particularly sympathetic soul by Enid Bethune, Victoria Vivash, and Dr. Mary Bevan, the authoresses severally of "The Foolish Virgins," "Man, the Betrayer," and "Naked and Unashamed," and especially by Mrs. Sylvester, with whom he is collaborating in the production of a work on the ethics of marriage, viewed from the standpoint of the higher morality. The community of spirit, the sympathy of soul existing between the collaborators is so strong that

Then Margery's perpetual gladness—the mere gladness of bird and flower in the sunshine—begins to bore him, and the consequence of this is that Gerald and Mrs. Sylvester collaborate more than ever on the "Ethics of Marriage" book. Then, as Mrs. Sylvester passes many hours day by day with Gerald without making the unsuspecting Margery in the least jealous, Captain Sylvester, who realises that he and his wife do not love each other, begins to pay continuous visits to Mrs. Cazenove, to enjoy the luxury of talking to a woman who is neither "new" nor clever. But being neither "new" nor clever, Margery retains her old-fashioned prejudices in favour of loyalty, truth, and conjugal fidelity, even when, accidentally, she overhears her husband telling Mrs. Sylvester that his wife's laughter grates upon him, and that she is, in fact, hopeless, while Mrs. Sylvester responds with a passionate offer of her own love. These sudden disclosures and disillusion come near to breaking Margery's heart, but she resolves to leave the husband who no longer loves her, and go back home to her father's farm. Of all places in the world, she chooses Lady Wargrave's drawing-room during the progress of an "At Home," to which all the "new women" and the "new men" have crowded, to acquaint her now penitent husband with her decision, and to



MARGERY (MISS EMERY) OVERHEARS MRS. SYLVESTER (MISS ALMA MURRAY) AVOW HER LOVE FOR GERALD CAZENOVE (MR. FRED TERRY).—End of Act II.

"THE NEW WOMAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

when Captain Sylvester, known generally as "the husband of Mrs. Sylvester," visits Gerald's chambers he can scarcely distinguish the room from his wife's boudoir, so similar are they in decoration and appointments, and so numerous are the photographs of Mrs. Sylvester. But the collaboration has achieved only the first and the last chapters of the work when Gerald interrupts it by a six weeks' visit to Mapledurham, and very eventful that rustic visit proves. At all events, when he returns he assures Mrs. Sylvester that they are on the wrong tack, that the love they have been writing about is not love at all, but that he has found the real thing while sculling with a girl who isn't "new," but simply a woman, on the river at Mapledurham. Mrs. Sylvester bites her lip with jealousy, and assures him it is a mere infatuation, a passing passion. However, when Gerald's aunt, Lady Wargrave—a gracious old woman in every sense—puts in an appearance at his chambers, attended by pretty, demure Margery Armstrong, daughter of Farmer Armstrong of Mapledurham and my lady's maid and companion, and when she, shocked at the shrieking sexual discussions of the literary ladies, makes her nephew promise that he will never marry a "new woman," but simply a true woman, Gerald boldly declares that Margery has just promised to be his wife—she having forgiven him a less respectful proposal "because she loved him"—Lady Wargrave indignantly resents the engagement as a *mésalliance*, and Mrs. Sylvester's theory of the "new love" is altogether outraged, and she is horribly jealous. But Gerald and Margery are very happy, for a time.

have a "scene" of recrimination with Mrs. Sylvester after she has indignantly rejected the love avowals of that lady's husband, and that lady's yearning for Gerald has been decisively nipped in the bud by the man himself. Margery goes home and resumes the simple print frock appropriate to her father's orchard, and thither Captain Sylvester, who has left his wife, follows her with vain, passionate pleadings; but she only sends him back to his lawful spouse, and then, when her husband comes to her under the apple-trees with love and penitence she gladly takes him back to her heart.

This is the story of "The New Woman." The satire begins brilliantly, and the first act teems with good things, with a constant succession of snap-shots of wit and common-sense, but as the play proceeds Mr. Grundy's over-accentuated satire, harping on the same string more or less, tends to become monotonous, while it also makes for exaggeration, and some of the characters are quite superficially treated. From the dramatic point of view, I cannot think that "The New Woman" is to be compared with "Sowing the Wind," although it is certainly amusing. It is splendidly acted by Miss Alma Murray with a keen intellectuality; Miss Winifred Emery, who is seen quite at her best; Miss Rose Leclercq, with her most engaging *grande dame* manner; Mr. Fred Terry, very much in earnest; Mr. Cyril Maude, in his most delightful mood; Miss Gertrude Warden, Miss Laura Graves, Miss Irene Rickards, and Mr. J. G. Grahame; while Mr. Comyns Carr's staging is artistic to a degree.

M. C. S.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

In the heart of ninety-nine women out of every hundred there is a little corner which remains always vacant, unless it can be filled by the one thing needful—a sealskin jacket. When this need is satisfied and its visible embodiment hangs in the place of honour in the wardrobe, the fortunate possessor immediately takes rank among those elect ones who are distinguished by the possession of sealskins, and who look down with compassionate contempt from their higher elevation upon “the other half” who know not the delights of sealskin. In all seriousness, though, there is nothing quite so luxuriously comfortable as a garment composed of this always popular and fashionable fur, and nowadays the sealskin coat is cut with as much accuracy and smartness as if it were composed of the more humble cloth, and is a thing altogether set apart from the old-time sealskin jacket, whose ungainly outlines were warranted to hide

chinchilla, a fur to be largely worn this season, sharing its popularity with caracule, sable also being destined to have its usual share of favour. As to ermine, which was always one of Dame Fashion's most weakly offsprings, it came to an untimely end, and, as no one has the least inclination to resuscitate it, I think we may congratulate ourselves on having seen the last of this most unbecoming of furs, and I am also glad to say that the little sable ties will only be considered fashionable when denuded of the heads, which always, to my thinking, gave them such an unpleasant and barbaric appearance.

I need not, I am sure, impress upon you again the desirability of getting any furry garments as soon as possible, before the winter prices are reached, so I will content myself by telling you of a regal-looking cloak upon which I feasted my eyes when I was last at 163, Regent Street. It was destined for a wealthy American, of whom a good many of you will have envious thoughts, I fancy, when you hear the full extent of its charms. It was composed of black moiré antique, the back



any vestige of figure possessed by the wearer, and to reduce all women to a dead level of shapelessness. I found on inquiry at the headquarters of Dame Fashion's fur department, the International Fur Stores, 163 and 198, Regent Street, that sealskin coats with full, deep basques will still be largely worn, but that full, round capes will be even more generally popular, in view of the elaboration of our bodices and the increasing dimensions of our dress sleeves, which refuse to be coerced or cajoled with any degree of comfort into any ordinary coat-sleeves. For those, however, who are desirous of combining the smartness of a coat with the freedom of a cape, the International Fur Stores have introduced a genuine novelty in sealskin, in the shape of the altogether *chic* little garment which is illustrated herewith for your special edification. It is, of course, intended for *demi-saison* wear, and, as you will see, is made in the form of a double-breasted Eton bodice, with roll collar and pointed revers, while the full cape sleeves allow of any monstrosity being worn in the way of dress sleeves, and at the same time are pretty and becoming enough to gain favour on the ground of appearance alone. Even those who possess an ordinary sealskin jacket could with advantage—if husbands are generous, or pin-money elastic enough—invest in this smart little garment in addition, as it would be useful on so many occasions when the heavier coat would be too warm; but for others, who must be content with one coat which will be ample protection against the most bitter weather, nothing could be better than the subject of our second sketch, its short, rounded basques being just sufficiently full to have a becoming effect upon the figure. The deep turned-down collar and the wide revers, which taper to a point just below the waist, are of

arranged in two great pleats, while a deep cape fell to the waist in graceful folds. The huge bishops' sleeves were lined with sable—imagine their cosiness and warmth!—as was also the entire cloak, the deep roll collar being of the same costly fur, while the fronts were also bordered with a band of sable, narrow at the top and widening out at the foot. Then, to add to the richness of the general effect, there was a deep collar of particularly handsome creamy-hued guipure, which fell in points over the moiré antique cape. Truly, the Americans manage to secure some of the best things for themselves, simply because they are wise enough to go to the best places for them, as witness their implicit faith in the International Fur Stores, a faith which is shared by a good many of us, I know.

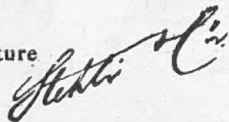
But though we cannot all afford a new sealskin coat, we can all indulge in one more new hat before we are obliged to provide ourselves with wintry headgear, and so let us employ our thoughts for a time with some pretty millinery, which still bears traces of late summer and autumn about it. Take first the hat sketched, which is of black chip, the tiny round crown being surrounded by three rolls of turquoise-blue velvet, each one fastened with a tiny diamond buckle. At the right there is a cluster of black ostrich tips, and underneath the brim a rouleau of the velvet is finished at the back by a carelessly-knotted bow, which rests on the hair. When I mention that the price is only thirty shillings, I think that, taking everything in conjunction, you will recognise this as the production of Mrs. Farey, of 231, Regent Street; and this is not the only good thing she has provided for you, as witness the delightfully pretty little toque which is also sketched, and which is obtainable—let me whisper it confidentially, for your dearest friend need never know the

[Continued on page 339.]

STEHLIS' BLACK SILKS

The Manufacturers Guarantee that these Goods will stand at least One Year's Hard and Fair Wear Without Cutting or going Greasy, and in the event of any well-founded claim with regard to any Dress Length in these respects they will supply a New Dress Length Free of Charge. May be had of all the leading Silk Mercers and Mourning Houses throughout the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—All Genuine Goods have this signature stamped on the selvedge

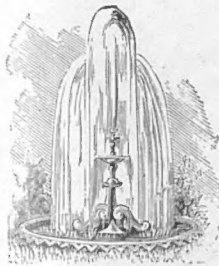


A BEAUTIFUL & LASTING FRAGRANCE

The most popular of all the Favourite Perfumes is, beyond a doubt,

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER.



A delightfully delicate and refreshing Toilet Water, distilled from the world-famed fragrant flora of Florida; possesses a rich, insinuating, and unchangeable perfume, soothing and refreshing to the sensitive nerves; acts as an aromatic for headaches.

Unrivalled in its variety of applications, being equally well adapted for

The HANDKERCHIEF, the TOILET, and the BATH.

However used, FLORIDA WATER is a positive luxury.

SOLD BY ALL PERFUMERS AND CHEMISTS, 1s., 2s., and 3s. per bottle.

TRAVELLING CLOAKS AND CAPES.

Scotch Tweed Ulsters, choice patterns, with Detachable Cape, £2 2s.

Golf Capes in newest Tweeds, with Tartan reversings, very fashionable, 15s. 9d. to £3 3s.

The Macintosh of the Season in Checked Waterproof Tweeds, with Detachable Cape, 21s.

LETTER ORDERS BY RETURN.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD ST.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS AND WEVERS.



Patented at Home and Abroad.

**USED
WITHOUT
HEAT.**

Sold in 6d. and 1s.
Boxes, of all
Hairdressers, Drapers,
and Fancy Houses
throughout the
three Queendoms.

Bright Metal.





MADLINE: "How provoking! Here is my hat flying back again." BEATRICE: "Well, dear, it is your own fault. You should use the new 'Breeze Hat Grip,' as I do."

THE "BREEZE HAT GRIP."

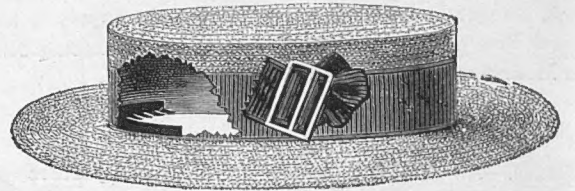
EMPHATICALLY A BOON TO EVERY LADY.

Why spoil your hats and your appearance? Why tire yourself out on a windy day by having to hold your hat on? Why have your hair disarranged by the wind immediately you go out walking, visiting, riding, shopping, or sailing? When the "Breeze Hat Grip," which can be fastened in one minute, will keep ANY SHAPE or SIZE of LADIES' HAT in its position on the stormiest and windiest day.

OF ALL DRAPERS



at 3½d. each.



Every Lady should buy one of the "BREEZE HAT GRIPS," and experience the comfort of a straight and steady hat and perfectly arranged hair wherever she goes.

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT ONLY: W. WILLIAMS & SON, BREAD STREET, LONDON.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"A charming Scent."— "The sweetest H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

MORTIMER'S DYE WORKS PLYMOUTH

A LAXATIVE & REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

FOR CONSTIPATION,

Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

47, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. a Box.

ILLUSTRATED
PRICE-LIST
POST FREE.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY

"The Orient Pearls."

GREAT SPÉCIALITÉ.

GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS,
1889.



Illustrated Catalogue post free.

NECKLETS RANGING IN PRICE FROM 1 TO 50 GUINEAS.

85, NEW BOND ST., W. 248, REGENT ST., W.
43, BURLINGTON ARCADE. And in PARIS.



FOR INDIGESTION, STOMACH, and LIVER, TRY BELTON'S SPECIAL LITTLE LIVER PERLES, as prescribed by the late eminent physician,

SIR ANDREW CLARK, M.D.

From valuable vegetable extracts only. In tubes of 40, 1s. Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from E. R. BELTON & Co., Chemists, 61, High Rd., Lee, London.

IN THE WORLD OF BEAUTY

Cuticura SOAP

IS SUPREME

Not only is it the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, but it is the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing for toilet, bath, and nursery. It is so because it strikes at the cause of bad complexions, falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, viz.: THE CLOGGED, IRRITATED, INFLAMED, OVERWORKED, OR SLUGGISH PORE.

Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London, E.C.

MIDLAND COUNTIES WATCH CO., VYSE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

£2 10s.

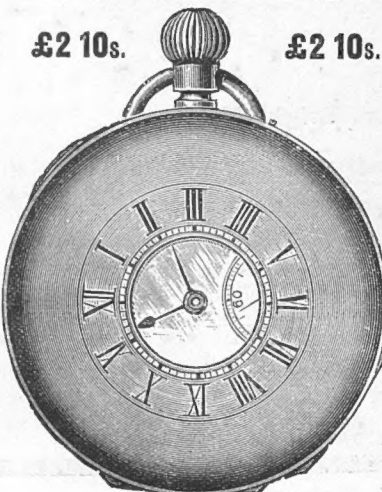
£2 10s.

Send for Catalogue.

* Wholesale Prices.

* Send for Catalogue.

GENTS' SILVER KEYLESS DEMI-HUNTING 3-plate Lever, in Plain or Engine-turned Cases, A thoroughly reliable timekeeper, £2 10s.



FAMOUS WATCHES.

PURCHASE FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, AT A SAVING OF 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

"Admirably adapted for rough wear abroad."



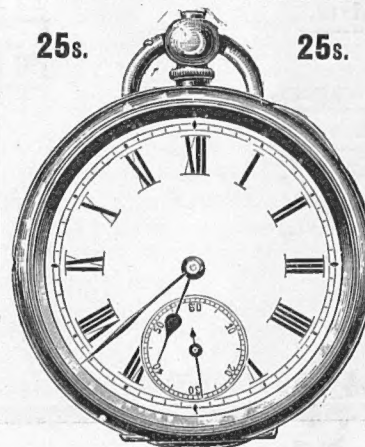
FAMOUS WATCHES.

London Office and Show-Room: 15, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Cheques and P.O. Orders to be made payable to the Company's Manager, MR. A. PERCY, BIRMINGHAM.

25s.

25s.



"The cheapest thoroughly reliable Silver Watch ever made."

GENTS' SILVER WATCH, finely finished movement, crystal glass, timekeeping qualities, guaranteed, 25s.

LADIES' Ditto, ditto, 25s.

LADIES' SILVER KEYLESS DEMI-HUNTER, handsomely engraved and enamelled, a perfect timekeeper, £2 10s. Ditto, ditto, in 18-carat Gold, £8 10s.

ALL MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF GOODS ARE NOT APPROVED OF.

price, as she could not possibly guess it—for the very modest sum of one guinea. That it is a wonderful bargain you will be able to judge for yourselves when I also tell you that it is composed of checked green and black straw, twisted up into a fantastically pretty shape, and trimmed with an effective arrangement of green velvet, the crossed folds being



fastened in front slightly towards the left side with a curved buckle of brilliants, and disappearing behind two little wings of the palest turquoise-blue. At the back there is a high loop of the green velvet and two more wings. You could not want much more for a guinea, could you? But if you prefer a hat to a toque, I can recommend one, at the same price, of pale tan-coloured felt, the round crown being surrounded by a band of black velvet, which ties at the back in a large double bow. In front there is a bow of geranium-pink ribbon, with two jetted wings rising from the centre. This is distinctly a serviceable hat: and then those who appreciate wonderful harmonies of colour should see a hat of dark blue velvet, trimmed with rosettes of rather dark green satin antique, veiled with blue chiffon, and further adorned with three ostrich tips, shading through various beautiful tones of green, blue, and old gold. Lovely as it undoubtedly is, this hat has a distinctly wintry touch about it, so, for the time being—as I, for my part, am not anxious to anticipate the death of the autumn—I will turn from Fashion's followers to the devotees of art, many of whom will, I am sure, be interested to know that Mrs. Edward Walker will, on Oct. 1, reopen her art school at "Inglethorpe," 2, Chaloner Street, West Kensington. This school has



become very widely and favourably known during the last year, on account of the thoroughness of the teaching, which includes drawing from the antique, anatomy, and painting from the life, and the reopening will be signalled by Mr. Herbert J. Draper taking up the position of director, a fact which cannot fail to be an additional recommendation, as he is the artist whose wonderfully striking picture, "The Sea-Maiden," attracted so much attention at this year's Academy. FLORENCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Among the most interesting biographies of the coming season will be "The Life and Letters of R. W. Church," late Dean of St. Paul's. Some of Dean Church's delightful letters have already been published in the correspondence of his friend J. B. Mozley. Dean Church, whose sympathies were very wide, had an extensive correspondence with men of letters, politicians, and ecclesiastics, and few who received his letters are likely to have destroyed them.

No less delightful will be the collection of Matthew Arnold's letters, which will extend to three volumes. In his briefest moods Arnold generally contrived to put in something of his bright wit. Like Dean Church, he was singularly considerate and courteous in replying to letters of unknown correspondents.

Professor Dowden has edited a selection from Southey's poems for the "Golden Treasury" series. This is a pious and much needed service.

Mr. Rendall, the Principal of University College, Liverpool, is preparing a new translation of Marcus Aurelius.

Mrs. Steel has another volume of Indian stories in hand, which will be illustrated by Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

Mr. Churton Collins is preparing a volume from his contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. Will he include the famous criticism of Mr. Gosse?

A deal of nondescript rubbish and a few lonely novels by writers of reputation make up the publishers' output just now. Mrs. Oliphant—she has no particular season—Mr. W. E. Norris, and Mr. Frank Barrett have been doing their best to enliven the dead season. Mr. Norris's best is something to be grateful for.

If he had only a bigger inspiration he would be among the first four or five English novelists to-day. He is, or can be, literary, light-handed, brief, pungent, and distinguished. If he has never any great stories to tell, at least he knows it, and keeps always in a properly modest key. His literary manners are excellent. "A Victim of Good Luck" (Heinemann), has a commonplace enough plot, much less fascinating than "The Countess Radna," for instance. One has heard some of it frequently before. A girl inherits an enormous fortune from an old cross-grained religious fanatic, and, in consequence, a young man (who had been seen on a racecourse on Sunday) finds himself dispossessed. The heiress and the dispossessed agree at first that the romantic solution of the difficulty is not the one for them, and the young man obstinately refuses the estates as a gift. Quite against his judgment, however, he falls in love with the heiress, who finally agrees to the arrangement that everybody has been expecting, though he is a simple-minded athlete, with a rudimentary intellect, and she is a poetess, and has intellectual aspirations. A vivacious, slangy, worldly, horsey young woman, Miss Dolly Craddock does her best to show their incompatibility, and they part. The heiress is next about to be engaged to a distinguished minor poet and still more distinguished major critic, when she casually mentions she has given her troublesome estates away to a young cousin. Thereupon the distinguished critic and poet smiles, and says the situation is altered, and he will again be a literary father or brother to her. The young cousin, who has accepted her gift for benevolent purposes, brings the simple-minded hero and the intellectual heroine together again, gives back the estates, and has himself appointed agent.

So far there may be little to praise or blame. But Mr. Norris has has given us an admirable group of portraits, delicately and subtly traced. The slangy Dolly Craddock, the distinguished Mr. Mostyn, whose vanity and worldliness are so rounded off by his artistic sense of fitness as to be hardly distinguishable by the sympathetic and admiring, the shrewd Joe, full of the intelligence that army examiners never recognise, are perfectly successful. Common-sense, refinement, and humour are skilfully mixed in this really artistic story. It is everyday literature this, but everyday literature made with a conscience and with brains.

In time for the Wagner performances at Bayreuth appeared Miss Weston's version of the first part of the knightly epic of Parzival by Wolfram von Eschenbach (Nutt). Doubtless, it has already found many devout students in those solemn intervals between the performances. Yet, as these hours are frequently given over to contemplation or nervous exhaustion, a good many other enthusiasts may have left its perusal till now, and a few may have never even heard of it. The merest hint is enough: they will order it at once from the nearest bookseller, for your true Wagnerite invariably forms a library, in which, by-the-by, literary criticism is more conspicuous than musical.

This old epic to which Wagner owed much, and of whose author he gave an attractive presentment in "Tannhäuser," is, however, not merely interesting as a "source." Von Eschenbach was the greatest poet of Germany in the Middle Ages—vigorous, chivalrous, musical, and a fine story-teller. He has never been put into English before, though to students of Arthurian legend and of Wagner he is familiar. Miss Weston has caught the swing and often the music of the original, and, as there is a good deal in the old epic that appeals to modern minds, her version has an interest for the lover of romance as much as for the mere scholar. Q. Q.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 1, 1894.

The glut of money continues, and the Bank return again presents record figures both in bullion and reserve. The Stock Exchange payments had little effect on the market, and six months' bills continue to be discounted under 1 per cent. in many cases, which shows that financial houses expect the present large supply of money to continue for a considerable period.

Investment-buying keeps pushing up the price of Consols and other like securities, and people are forced to turn their attention to first-rate Foreign Government securities like German Three per Cents., which have been the medium chosen by several trust companies and financial houses during the week for the temporary investment of spare funds. It is said that German Threes are far cheaper than French stocks, and, considering the war risk to be about the same, they are better buying than the Paris stocks.

Silver has, on the whole, hardened, and the Indian exchange, in consequence, is a trifle better. We have no cause to grumble at the general tone of the markets during the week, for both foreign stocks and American Rails have in a general way maintained a bold front, although the "bear" party, both here and in Wall Street, have occasionally made successful raids, generally followed by increased firmness.

The Bank of England dividend prospects do not appear very encouraging, nor, indeed, with such difficulty in using loanable capital at a profit was anything else to be hoped for. The stockholders may expect some reduction in their half-yearly dividend. There has been good buying of rupee paper, but every time the price touches 60 it appears as if a tap were turned on somewhere, and there is clearly a big block of stock to be disposed of before the price can be pushed higher.

Home Rails have been good all the week, especially, as we expected, Little Chathams and South-Eastern Deferred. It looks as if your purchase of the former stock, on our last week's advice, will give you as good a profit as the dabble you had earlier in the year.

The Scotch stocks have been firm, although the miners' vote in favour of the Federation compromise has not, so far, done much to raise the price.

In the Foreign market, Uruguays and Brazilians have had smart rises, and the advice which we have, probably with tiresome repetition, given you as to the former stock is coming true every day. Set-backs there will be, of course, and perhaps long halts on the upward road, but if you will buy on every reaction you are sure to see a splendid profit in the long run. On Friday Mexican 6 per cent. bonds were almost the only weak stock in the International market, but we have the greatest confidence in this stock, as also in the Internal 3 per cent. issue, which, as it is on a silver basis, is quite safe from scaling down of interest. Why investors should give 103 for Bulgarian 6 per cent. stock when Mexican is to be bought at little more than half the price we do not know, nor can we see that intrinsic merit has anything to do with the current price in either case.

Not only have Foreign Government bonds been well maintained, but there has been quite a rush to buy crowds of foreign railway obligations, especially many South American issues which a few weeks ago no one would look at. We have often called your attention to cheap debentures, such as Cordoba and Rosario, North-Western of Uruguay, and the like, and, fortunately, you have laid in a good stock; but the tide looks as if it had really turned at last, and we think you will be able to realise part of your various holdings at such prices that the remainder will appear preposterously cheap. Uruguay Northern debentures at 51 are low enough, and will yield 8 per cent. This security has a Government guarantee of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and last half-year the net earnings enabled a half per cent. to be added. The traffics are increasing, and there is every prospect of a larger addition being made to the guaranteed interest, in which case a considerable rise in capital value may be expected, in addition to heavy interest in the meantime. Of course, there is some risk, but for a person inclined to take a fair chance this is an ideal security. Mexican Southern Railway debentures are another stock which is far below its proper value, and should be a good lock-up. The line has a debenture debt of about £5200 a mile, and the interest of the Government silver bonds which it holds would pay 6 per cent. on its debenture debt but for the depreciation of the white metal. The debenture-holders have agreed to accept 3 per cent. for the next five years, if necessary, but we anticipate that the yield will exceed this amount, which, at present prices, would return nearly 6 per cent. to an investor, without taking into account the chance of a higher rate being paid.

It is currently reported that André, Mendel, and Co. have in hand a proposal for dealing with the land grants of the Midland Railway of Western Australia, and are going to bring it out under the high-sounding title of the Western Australasian Freehold Land and Colonisation Company, but we advise you to leave the thing severely alone. Whenever there is a combination in which the Mendels have a hand, it is, in our opinion, a dangerous thing to touch, and when you combine the firm in question with Mr. J. Timmis Smith (of Otis steel fame) and Mr. H. F. Pollock, the quiet investor had far better button up his pockets and, as the Grand Old Man would say, "Remember Middlesbrough town lands."

Last week we told you that there was a big "bear" account in Yankee Rails, and that it would not take much to squeeze some of the dealers

who are short of stock. On Friday the first victim had to go under, because he had been unable to cover his sales of Louisville Milwaukees, and Union Pacifics, for, as we then anticipated, the trend of prices has been upward, while every day the tone and feeling of the market, especially in the better class of stocks, is more hopeful, until even that croaker of evil, Mr. Wilson of the *Standard*, has given up the rôle of Cassandra.

The Erie statement, published on Thursday, is very encouraging, showing an increase of 89,000 dollars over the corresponding period of last year, and we fully expect that improvement will be evident in the returns of such roads as Louisville at no distant date. While we are strongly in favour of Yankee Rails as a whole, we think you might as well realise your Illinois Central shares even at a small loss, for we fear a heavy falling off in the traffics.

As we led you to expect, dear Sir, the rise in the debenture stocks and preference shares of the majority of the trust companies has made good progress, and there can be no doubt that these concerns have been unduly depreciated, especially the preference stocks. The market is very sensitive to a little buying, for there is not much stock about, and this week we have had considerable difficulty in picking up very moderate parcels of Industrial Trust preference shares for several clients. What sense can there be in valuing London Trust preference at 88, and the deferred at 65, when it is clear that if the assets are not over-sufficient to provide for the preference the deferred can have little or no value? We consider that Indian and General 5 per cent. preference, London Trust preference, Industrial deferred shares, and the debentures of any of these companies are very good buying at present for people who want a reasonable rate of interest. The market for Trustees Corporation shares is in the most depleted state, as we know from experience, for we had a small order to buy 150 shares, and could only execute half of it at 17s. 6d. and 20s., after trying all round the market.

The statements made at the meeting on Tuesday last are very encouraging, and the position is that anything like an appreciable improvement in silver would increase the value of the assets to a large extent. There is no further chance of a call, and we believe that, as a cheap lock-up, an order for 500 shares would prove very remunerative to the buyer in the long run. Of course, if any large sum is recovered from the late directors (some of whom are well able to pay), there would be a bound in the price, and, as the risks of an action are to be run by private subscription, there is every encouragement to speculate in the shares, on the chance of successful litigation adding to the legitimate assets, which, of themselves, certainly exceed in value the present price of the shares.

The market for Mining shares has been good all the week, with every sign of revival in cheap and speculative shares. New Rietfontein, which we had begun to regret advising you to buy some months ago, have had a sharp rise upon news that the lost reef had been found again, while New Chimes and Van Ryn, among the other mines we have recommended to you, have improved, and Champ d'Or continue very firm at $2\frac{1}{2}$. We have the greatest confidence in this property and Van Ryns. Diamond shares have been quite on the boom, and there is a great disposition to buy silver mining shares of the better class.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRED.—We do not care to advise you as to insuring your life upon the ordinary or Tontine principle. It is a matter of opinion, and you must use your own judgment. Our own insurances are Tontines.

H. F. S.—The mine you mention is a speculation of the wildest nature. Hold on to your Yankee Rails for the present. The man Perryman you say you dealt with has a nasty habit of pleading the Gambling Acts, and the less you have to do with him the better.

SUMMERS.—North-Western of Uruguay Railway debentures are a fair investment, but we prefer at present prices Uruguay Northern. Don't put all your eggs into the South American basket.

SHAREHOLDER.—The prospects of Mexican Southern Railway preference shares are remote, but you can't sell, so you must grin and bear it. Nitrate Railway bonds are an excellent second-class investment, as are De Beers debentures.

F. C. C.—We are sorry for you, but there is very little chance of Manchester Ship Canal shares getting a dividend in our time. Keep a look-out, and sell, if you can, on any little rise. The Midland Railway of Western Australia still has for its solicitor Mr. H. F. Pollock. Need we say any more, except that André, Mendel, and Co. were mixed up in its promotion, and Timmis Smith is, we think, chairman? Give the whole concern a wide berth.

W. B. P.—The company is a most respectable industrial concern, and you cannot do better than hold on to the shares. The price is about £30 a share. We can get you £20 each for your Schultze Gunpowder shares, but why sell them?

P. H.—We have made inquiries about the syndicate you mention, and nobody in the market has ever heard of it. Send us the prospectus or the company's address, and we will make further investigation. We can trace no dealings in the shares. If you cannot give us any information, send 5s. to cover the cost of looking up the concern at Somerset House, and we will see what we can do.

AN UNFORTUNATE SHAREHOLDER.—You had better hold on for the present. We hardly suppose you will ever see your money back; but it is far more likely that the shares will improve than that they will go lower, for the assessment of 10 dollars per share is over-discounted already. Yes; join the committee, who are doing good work. It is only by the English holders sticking together that the position can be saved.

The North type-writer, an English-made machine, has received the highest award, namely, the diploma of honour, at the Antwerp Exhibition.